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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

Price Ten Cents.



THE STRANGE INFATUATION POSSESSED BY A BEAUTIFUL AND UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY FOR A WHITE RAT, AND THE SINGULAR MANNER IN WHICH THE LITTLE PET RECIPROCATES HER CARESSES AND ATTENTION WHILE SHE IS UNDER THE DEADLY INFLUENCE OF MORPHIA; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:  
183 William Street, Cor. Spruce, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

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## PROSPECTUS FOR 1880.

The coming year promises to be one of the most interesting and important of this eventful and crowded century. THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE will in the future, as it has in the past, keep fully abreast of the times. Our facilities for gathering and illustrating in an artistic manner the current events of the day are of the most perfect description, and our readers may rest assured that nothing of an improper character or inconsistent with the sphere of illustrated journalism will find a place in its columns. THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is printed and published in the city of New York, and can command all the advantages which a great artistic and literary centre afford, being thus enabled to be always first in the field in depicting accurately and with that high excellence which the best talent in every department can give.

In addition to the many and varied features which now illuminate the pages of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, we shall, during the year, add many new ones (of which due announcement will be made from time to time) that cannot but still further enhance and beautify its pages, and thus retain its place as the leading illustrated journal of the country and beyond the reach of all competitors.

There is no other illustrated journal published in the city of New York, of the same or similar name, devoted to the interests that find expression in THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, and it has therefore no competition or connection whatever with any imitators closely copying its title for the purpose of profiting by the reputation which has been solidly and permanently built up by its brightness and excellence. THE GAZETTE has frequently suffered from this confusion and plagiarism of titles, and we desire to warn the public in the matter. In all cases ask for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE of New York, and see that the place of publication and the name of the proprietor is clearly set forth.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
P. O. Box 40. William and Spruce Sts., New York City.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

- B., Chicago.—They are both at large.
- W. B. B., Breakabeer, N. Y.—Not suitable.
- A. M. G.—Send account of affair; photo of no use without.
- S. M. A., North-East, Md.—Not of sufficient interest for publication.
- C. H. B., Austin, Tex.—Thanks for items: received too late for publication.
- H. B. S., Portsmouth, O.—Will reserve clipping for future consideration.
- Baz., Philadelphia, Mo.—You had better consult the chief of police in your city.
- G. H., Clear Lake, Iowa.—Not worth publishing: have too much of the same sort.
- R. B., Bristol, Pa.—Crowded out by more important matter; may use them soon.
- R. S. C., Glastonbury, Conn.—Will be glad to hear from you again; will publish photos if sent.
- S. M., Hartford, Conn.—Will make inquiries and inform you under this head in future number.
- Sax., Indianapolis, Ind.—Will be happy to accommodate you at any time: thanks for compliments.
- A. A. C., Cooperstown.—Must have additional proof of what you say before publishing matter sent.
- B. J. S., Milwaukee, Wis.—Jim Mace is now in Melbourne, Australia, engaged in the liquor business. No.
- M. W. E., Lebanon, O.—Thanks for attention: received an account previous to yours: hardly worth illustrating.
- M. H., San Francisco.—Your contributions have been overlooked unintentionally: will probably use the photo.
- S. B. S., Kansas City, Mo.—The party you inquire about is a fraud: his agency was recently broken up by Comstock.

Jos., Bangor, Me.—We are well aware that our paper takes the lead in illustrated journalism: we shall keep it, never fear.

C. J. W., Binghamton, N. Y.—Your sketch and photo of sheriff received: too late for this issue; may make use of it in the future.

DELTA, San Francisco.—Your kindness is appreciated: if occasion occurs for your services in your vicinity will bear you in mind.

CORRESPONDENT, Delaware, Ky.—Your sketch is very amusing, but we will not be able to use it; it is hardly sensational enough for our columns.

P. R., Cincinnati.—There is no proof to substantiate the matter you send. We cannot print anonymous manuscripts without some guarantee as to their genuineness. This applies to all our correspondents as well as you.

## A NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

Without wishing to detract from the reputation of Superintendent Walling in the past as an efficient officer, candor compels us to confess that we believe him to be at the present time utterly incapacitated for the position he now holds. We have not arrived at this conclusion without mature thought and consideration. That he has outlived his usefulness as a police officer is too evident from the demoralized condition of the department over which he presides. Police discipline has become a butt for ridicule throughout the city and the rampant career of law-breakers a source of alarm and regret. Since his elevation to the Superintendency the force has gradually degenerated from the "finest" to a condition little better than an armed mob.

That this is not attributable to an inherent incapacity for his position is proven by his honorable career in the past. His record is unblemished. The fault—if fault it be—lies in his age. He has lost, seemingly, the qualities necessary to a successful commanding officer.

At no time in the history of New York has there been such open defiance of the law as now. Turn where you will wickedness of the blackest order stares one in the face in a manner that leads one to suppose that there is no restraint whatever.

Such a condition of affairs is directly chargeable to the lack of discipline characteristic of Superintendent Walling. He has grown careless of his duties, and, very naturally, his disposition has infected his subordinates.

In every precinct in this city the ruinous effects of this lack of discipline and efficiency are manifested in the captains and patrolmen. Gambling houses, dens of prostitution and unlicensed drinking places are suffered to exist without molestation.

There can be but one inference deduced from a consideration of the cause for this condition of the city, and that is not a pleasant one. Bribery must have something to do with it.

The whole force needs a thorough "shaking-up." And the shake should commence with the Superintendent. If he is as zealous for the reformation of the city's morals as he professes to be, and with the evidence before him of his inability to accomplish that end, he should step down and out, and allow some one to assume the duties who is willing and able to undertake the warfare on crime. There are many good men in the force who possess every requisite for the position. Let Inspector Murray—or some officer equally capable—come to the front. Murray is comparatively a young man, and has gained a reputation second to none for honorable services as a guardian of the law. Earnest, thorough and prompt in everything he engages in, he would infuse these qualities into the force and place it upon a footing that would make it indeed "the finest in the world."

## ON THE WARPATH.

THE GAZETTE'S expose of the moral corruption existing in various parts of the city is being nobly responded to in several localities, and noticeably in regard to unlicensed liquor dealers. Investigation shows that eleven hundred of these saloons were in full blast throughout the city, vending their wares with utter contempt for the law. So many of these raids have been made in times past, and proved fizzes so far as permanent good was concerned, that the public are inclined to distrust the sincerity of the authorities in making them. Police spasms of virtue are quite frequent, and hitherto have amounted to nothing more than mere bombast.

From present indications the movement for the suppression of the illegal whisky traffic appears to be genuine. During the month of December 349 unlicensed gin-mills were closed up, reducing the number to 751 during the month of January.

The result is highly gratifying and worthy of the heartiest commendation. But it will not do for the authorities to flatter themselves with the idea that in the accomplishment of this task they have completed the work of regeneration. There is a large field for the further continuance of the good work. In every quarter of the city are sink-holes of iniquity that disgrace humanity and outrage civilization. While their blood is up to the present fever heat of purification they should turn their attention to these resorts, and wipe them out completely. Berghold and his easy-going associates may dodge as much as they please behind legal quibbles and technicalities, the fact still remains that there is a remedy—based upon the best of laws—for every raid they make, if they possess the disposition and spirit to begin.

## A BIT OF ADVICE.

We all know of the superior cleansing powers of the new broom over the old one. Now, in the very promising field for sweeping reforms presented in the Twenty-ninth police precinct of this city, Captain Berghold stands at present in this aspect to the retiring chief of clubbing immortality. From the character of the man, as we know him, as well as from the reforms he has already set on foot in his precinct, notably his recent raids upon dis-

reputable dens in Twenty-seventh street, which have long flourished in apparent immunity from and defiance of legal interference, we are led to believe that he is in earnest in his avowed purpose of having a "new leaf" turned over in the precinct committed to his charge. We commend to his attention in this connection our article upon the "Green-Room," printed in this week's issue, which will inform him, provided he be unaware of the facts therein narrated, of the true inwardness of a typical specimen of a class of resorts which have rendered the Twenty-ninth precinct a by-word and a reproach not only in our midst but throughout the land. Our reporter describes the significant wink bestowed upon the bolder light of the police station opposite by the illuminated sign of the green-room. We trust that Captain Berghold will be found superior to winks or other fascinations of that character, whereby, if he do not gain the spurious popularity of his predecessor among kindred resorts, he will, still better, deserve the approval of all good citizens.

## A Young Lady's Strange Infatuation.

[Subject of Illustration.]

FOR RETURN OF WHITE RAT.  
BESSIE FOWLER, 134 West Thirty-third st.  
The above advertisement appeared in a morning paper on the 9th inst. Curious to learn why such a large value should be placed on a white rat, a reporter called at the address indicated. It is a low negro tenement house, and after much inquiry it was learned that the owner of the lost vermin was Miss Laura Bennett, of 221 West Twenty-fourth street, and that "Bessie Fowler" was a fictitious name.

Calling at the Twenty-fourth street house, the reporter was ushered into a plainly furnished parlor and informed by the servant that Miss Bennett would see him presently. A moment afterward a light, nervous step was heard on the stairs, quickly followed by the entrance of a young lady apparently about twenty-two years of age.

Miss Bennett is about five feet six inches tall, and has a slim, lithe figure. Her features are regular, her forehead unusually broad and high, and her hair, which on the occasion of the reporter's visit was disheveled, is of a light brown color. Her manner was very listless, and she appeared to be under the influence of some powerful drug, as subsequent observation proved.

"Do you own the lost white rat?" queried the reporter.

"Have you found it?" was the eager answer.

"No. How did you lose it?"

"I take morphine," she replied, sinking listlessly back in her chair. "I was out the night before last, and had the rat with me. I took morphine before I went out. I was going up town, but I got lost. I don't know how long I was asleep, but when I woke up I was in Charles street, near a lamp-post. An officer was talking to me, and that frightened me so I partially woke up."

"Did you have the rat then?"

"Yes; it was on the sidewalk near my feet. A number of cats were around me, too."

"Didn't the cats touch the rat?"

"No," she replied with a faint smile, "they didn't seem to. I stooped down and picked the rat up and put it back in my bosom."

"Did you carry the rat in your bosom?"

"Yes, always, since I lost the first one I had."

"Then this was the second one you have had. How did you lose the first?"

"Killed it. It got smothered in the pocket of my seal-skin sack. I fainted three times in succession when I found it was dead."

"How did you get home from Charles street Tuesday night?"

"I don't know. The officer walked with me as far as he could, and that kept me awake. When he left me I fell asleep again, and when I next woke up the rat was gone."

"Where was that?"

"In Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway. I lost everything else except my hat and dress. Everything went—my money, I had about \$100 with me, my diamond cross and two diamond rings. I would not mind that," she continued, "but I am nearly crazy about the rat."

"You thought a good deal of the rat, then?"

"Oh, yes; I thought more of the rat than I do of my father. I lost it last summer in Syracuse, and I then offered a reward of one hundred dollars, in my father's name, and got it back."

"You seem to have a penchant for rats. How did you come to have such strange pets?"

"Well, I had one given to me last spring. I never thought I should be such a fool," she continued pathetically, "but morphine makes me very stupid."

"How much do you take?"

"Thirty-two grains a day," she replied, and with out noticing the reporter's start at her answer, she continued: "There is not a physician in the city who has a patient who can stand that quantity. My daily quantity is from eight hundred to a thousand drops a day."

"Are you under a physician's care?"

"Oh no, not now. I was, but they have given me up. They say they can't understand why it don't kill me; I suppose it will soon. I hope so, for I am continually under its influence."

"How long have you taken it?"

"It will be two years next March. I commenced first with three drops; I can't give it up now: I tried a year ago. I was put in an asylum, and had a beautiful room filled with paintings, music, books, and everything to distract my attention. They gave me only fifty-eight drops of morphine a day. It was Magendi's solution." [Magendi's solution contains sixteen grains of morphine to an ounce of water.—Rep.]

"I did not stay long, though, for I wanted more morphine."

"Do you usually go out alone?"

"Yes, but I ought not to. I get lost and fall asleep, and the thieves all know me, and rob me."

"Were you ever robbed before last Tuesday night?"

"Yes, I have had five gold watches stolen from me since October, 1878. Last summer I went out to get some peaches, about 8 o'clock. The morphine made me sleep, and when I woke up I was away up Seventh avenue. I had on, when I left home, four large solitaire diamond rings and a large cluster diamond, besides a gold watch. They were all taken, and my money too. My brother is trying to get me a rat," she continued, her mind reverting to her lost pet.

"Are you afraid of a mouse?"

"Yes," she said, shuddering, "if I even hear one nibbling I leave the room."

The drug, against the influence of which she had been struggling during the interview, triumphed and she sank back in her chair as though a corpse.

Subsequent developments showed that her solicitude for her lost pet was purely selfish. Miss Bennett takes large quantities of morphine every day by making an incision in her arm, which is all scarified, and injecting it with a hypodermic needle, and after she injected the drug, the rat would lick the wound, and she said it produced a pleasant sensation.

## PARIS IN NEW YORK.

French Devilry Vividly Illustrated in the Metropolis by the Gay Emigrants from Wicked France.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Gay and festive was the scene at the Academy of Music on the evening of the 12th inst., the occasion being the annual ball of the Cercle de L'Orpheon. As an additional attraction to the affair the management agreed to furnish each one of the guests with a quart bottle of champagne, thereby inspiring a spirit for participation in the revelry which the well-known character of the society assured. Early in the evening carriages began to arrive, depositing fair demoiselles done up in costumes bewildering in their beauty and fantastic conceits. It was noticeable that the majority of these costumes were cut low in the necks and abbreviated in the skirts, the handsome daughters of La Belle France happy for the time in the opportunity afforded them to cut loose from the restraints of Dame Fashion and give nature an outing. Inside the Academy had been transformed into a fairy palace, representing the famous scenes peculiar to a night of festivity in Venice. By 12 o'clock the large floor was crowded with the merry throng, presenting an array of necks, legs and arms that was perfectly dazzling. Courtiers, kings, warriors, clad in suits of purple and mail, forgetting the aristocratic characters they had assumed, linked arm in arm with pretty peasant girls, or encircling their delicate waists, went whirling through the giddy mazes of the waltz in all the abandon of their French natures. Quadrilles, polkas and reels succeeded each other in rapid order, all being executed with a zest and animation which did credit to the free champagne. As the hours wore on the gay assemblage became wrought up into a state of joyfulness that broke through all restraint and degenerated into a carnival of the wildest license. Sufficient wine had gone to heads and heels to make them light. The popping of champagne corks and the clinking of glasses went on at a rate that threatened a corner in exhilarating fluids. From an elevated platform a large band of one hundred pieces discoursed the lively music of Offenbach and Lecocq, and supplied whatever enthusiasm was necessary to inspire the guests with the proper spirit for indulgence in the friskiness of the hour. Towards the early hours of the morning the scene became one that would have delighted the heart of the most fastidious Parisian. Then came the grand feature of the entertainment, the "Students' Dance." This well-known figure afforded an opportunity for the revelers to indulge in eccentricities of the most extravagant and pronounced kind. Women and men vied with each other in feats of high-kicking, kings doffed their crowns and stood upon their royal heads in the most reckless fashion, and staid damsels, forgetting their queenly roles, pirouetted on one foot with the other elevated in the air with a grace that would have made a premiere danseuse crazy with delight. As one party exhausted from participation in the revelry retired, another came up, fresh and boozed, to continue the fun. In the large hours of the morning the enthusiasm subsided, and "Paris" subsided into Wooster, Prince and Twenty-seventh street, satisfied with the full measure of Parisian debauchery "it" had enjoyed. Financially the ball was a success, and in lewdness, sin and immorality it was a wonder.

## CORRESPONDENTS JOIN THE CRUSADE.

WARM THEM UP.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—Your vigorous protest against the "deadly dives" which infest this city is meeting with the highest commendation from the residents of the 4th Ward. Will you please turn your attention to the Chatham street sinks of iniquity and warm them up a little? FITZ, Pearl street.

SIXTH AVENUE DIVES.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—Why don't you expose such resorts as the "Star and Garter," "Empire" and "Cromorne"? Every one of these places are shameless in their immorality and should be "pulled." B. A. S.

EIGHTH WARD RESORTS.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—There are some very disreputable dives in Mercer and Houston streets that would bear a good inspection from the police. Continue your exposures and perhaps the blue-coats will be shamed into action. HARDY.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

Our gallery of stage beauties is enriched this week by the addition of Marie Blanchi, an artiste in the Folies Bergeres, Paris, a theatre famous for its handsome woman, and Patti Rosa, one of the queens of the burlesque stage. Both of these ladies have won high places in the Thespian art by their talents and beauty.



## A BACKWOODS ROMANCE.

Two Brothers Driven Into Exile, One With  
the Brand of Murderer on His  
Brow, By a

## SISTER'S FATAL DREAM.

A Broken Heart and a Deserted Home.  
The Ghastly Skeleton in the Lonely  
Ravine That Explained

## A TWO YEARS' HORRIBLE MYSTERY.

WITT SPRINGS, Ark., Jan. 10.—At the foot of Boston Mountains dwells a man named Mason. He is over eighty years old, and his tall figure, white hair and patriarchal air give him an indescribable appearance. His house is a rough but comfortable log-cabin, and the few acres around it afford ample subsistence. An excellent marksman, he has never abandoned the use of his trusty rifle, while the numerous deer and bear skins within and without the cabin bear ample testimony of his skill and success. With the exception of his wife, he lives entirely alone. But his life has not always been thus entirely desolate. Only a few years ago three children brightened their humble home, two boys, John and David, and one daughter, Lizzie, who was the pride of the old man's heart and the light of his rude cabin. The sons were light-hearted boys, given to drink somewhat, but liked by everybody, while Lizzie was a rare, wildwood blossom. Her soft blue eyes and flaxen hair played sad havoc with the hearts of the younger portion of the opposite sex in all that section, and many sought her hand in marriage, the fortunate suitor being a young man named Charles McKinley, rather dissipated, not worth a dollar, a very forest Apollo—in short, just the kind of man to win

## A YOUNG GIRL'S HEART.

The Mason family were anything but pleased with her choice, and spared no effort to break off the attachment the lovers had for each other. Lizzie, however, could not be moved. Entreaties and threats were alike unavailing. The former gave her courage to plead for Charles; the latter made her cling closer to him. The young man was also firm. "I will never give up Lizzie," he said, with a big, round oath, when questioned on that point. Finding all other efforts useless, the Masons resorted to more violent measures. John Mason met Charles McKinley one day in the forest and a desperate fight ensued, in which both were badly cut and bruised, but in which John was decidedly worsted. This stirred up additional bitterness and for a time threatened to draw the majority of the surrounding families into the quarrel and disturb the peace of the neighborhood. Lizzie sought to pour oil on the troubled waters, and her gentle words melted the hardened natures that evil passions had filled with wrath. There was a reconciliation between her lover and brother, and there was general rejoicing in consequence, when an event occurred which changed amity into distrust and suspicion. The event was no less than the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Charles McKinley. He was last seen alive alone in the forest beyond the mountains, and was on the trail of a herd of deer. The most rigid search failed to discover him or any trace of his whereabouts. He had dropped out of sight and life as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. All sorts of stories were rife. One said he had run away, still another that he was purposely hiding himself and would suddenly return. But time went on and he neither came nor was heard of. The suspicion that he had met with foul play gained ground rapidly, growing into certainty in the minds of very many persons. Of course John Mason was accused of the murder, and though he strenuously denied the charge the evidence against him was strong enough to warrant his apprehension. Once in the

## MEETINGS OF THE LAW

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it seemed as if a hundred circumstances came up, all crying trumpet-tongued, "Guilty!" Divers persons had heard him threaten to kill Charles McKinley; that young man had himself said that he did not consider his life safe so long as John Mason remained in the country. Even John's father admitted reluctantly that his son had declared his intention of ridding Charles McKinley with buckshot, while David corroborated the parent's statement. Thus the coils of circumstantial evidence closed tighter and tighter about the young man, and beyond his bare assertion there was nothing to be said in refutation. The blow had fallen on the young girl with rushing effect. The sudden disappearance of her lover, the arrest of her brother on the charge of murdering him, almost drove her insane. She, however, shared the popular opinion that young McKinley had been murdered, and that her brother was guilty of the terrible crime. Urged for a reason for her belief, she finally admitted that it rested on the slender foundation of a dream. She added that on the night succeeding the day upon which Charles McKinley disappeared she had dreamed that she saw her brother and him

## IN A VIOLENT QUARREL.

The men were in a dark ravine; there was a mountain to their right and a deep, dense forest to their left. She heard their words; she saw John strike McKinley with the butt of his rifle and fell him to the earth. That blow was fatal. The young man never spoke afterwards. John hid the body in a dark cave in the mountains, and there it still remained! This dream made a powerful impression upon the young girl, and though many were disposed to laugh at it, even while admitting it, told tremendously against her brother, nothing could shake her faith and confidence in its terrible reality. She insisted that it was true, though no trace of the body could be found in any of the numerous mountain caves after most rigid search, and the vision rested only upon her individual state-

ment. But her faith gave it untold power; her acts seemed to confirm her belief. From that moment she was a changed woman. Slowly she pined away. The color faded from her cheeks, giving place to a death-like pallor; her step, once light and elastic, became slow and languid; her eyes had lost their tender glance and sparkled with an unearthly lustre. She uttered no complaint. Like the gentle girl who loved the unfortunate Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, she passed to her early grave, forgiving all, beloved by every one, the victim of

## A BROKEN HEART!

John Mason broke jail and fled to Texas, his brother David going into exile with him. This settled all questions or doubts as to his guilt or innocence. Flight was accepted by one and all as a confession of guilt. Liberal rewards were offered for the capture of the brothers, David being considered an accessory to the crime, but neither were ever apprehended. From the Lone Star State they went to Louisiana, and in New Orleans fell victims to that dread scourge, yellow fever. Letters now in the father's possession contain the most fervent protestations of their innocence, and subsequent events clearly exonerated them from complicity in the taking off of young Charles McKinley. For, years later, when the main actors in this strange episode slept in their quiet graves miles apart; when interest in the scenes we have related had almost died away, or was recalled with awe at the hunter's winter fireside, the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the young man was

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT!

A party of hunters, while chasing a bear in an adjacent county, found his remains in a cave in which the animal they were pursuing had established his lair. There was only a ghastly looking skeleton of a man, a rusty rifle and, rudely carved in the yielding rock upon which it rested, these words: "lost can't find my way out Charles McKinley." That was all, but it told its own story. It solved an enigma that had darkened many lives. It cleared from the foul stain of murder, though too late, John Mason and his brother.

This is the life-history—a record which, by the way, is authentic and can be verified by other living witnesses—the desolate old father told as he sat beside the glowing fire in the big fire-place of his lonely cabin one evening recently. The night wind swept down the deep mountain gorges with the roar of an angry sea, the stars twinkled dimly overhead, the howl of the wolf echoed dimly far out in the shadows of the woods, while the darkness of the night filled all space.

## A Titled Fraud.

About four months ago a genteel foreigner, about twenty-seven years old, calling himself Count Maurice De Fez, took apartments with a private family on Twelfth street, and apologized for his quiet way of living by stating that remittances from his mother, in France, the Countess De Fez, had failed to reach him. He lived at Spanish and French restaurants, and so ingratiated himself with the proprietors that he was allowed to run up large bills. He claimed acquaintance with leading resident foreigners, and talked for a time of taking service in the Cuban army. In the meantime he became very attentive to a prepossessing young lady on Twenty-fourth street, an orphan, who owned the furniture of the house in which she lived. The young lady disliked him, and when she refused a proposition of marriage, he drew a pistol and threatened to shoot himself. Her sisters became favorably impressed with him, and on their solicitations she finally agreed to marry him. It was decided that the ceremony should be performed on Monday, 5th inst., and immediately after it the couple should sail for France, where, he said, they should settle on his estate. In view of the event, the young lady sold off all of her furniture and made preparations for the departure. Last week the Count confided that he was short of funds, and obtained from her about \$300. The French Consul was invited to give the bride away, and many well-known French and Spanish residents were asked to be present. The Count ordered a wedding breakfast, to cost \$350, from a well-known restaurateur into whose confidence he had worked himself, and in ordering, he succeeded in borrowing \$25 on the strength of his approaching marriage with an heiress. He also ordered many valuable presents for his affianced, but managed to stave off payment. On Friday, 9th inst., the young lady for the first time suspected his insincerity, but the wedding was not postponed. On Saturday morning the Count drove up to his lodging house in a carriage, packed his trunks and mysteriously disappeared. When the fact was told to the lady, she took it quietly, and canceled the invitations and all wedding arrangements. A detective was employed to hunt up the Count, and found that he had taken a train for Montreal. The French Consul admits that he had a slight acquaintance with the Count, but says that he knows nothing about his history. Cubans say that he talked to them of going to Cuba, but that subsequently he wanted to borrow money from them and they dropped him.

## Masked Desperadoes.

LANCASTER, Pa., Jan. 9.—Last night eight masked robbers entered the residence of Jacob Nishley, a miller, aged sixty years, living at Conestoga Creek, on the line between Lancaster and Dauphin counties, about five miles from this city, and demanded his money or his life. Mr. Nishley, fearing violence, gave them \$150, all he had in his house. The robbers received this with loud cheers and thanked him for his kindness. After that they went through every room in the house and ransacked all the drawers, and when they left they struck the old man on the head with a club and left him unconscious. He was found this morning by a neighbor in a bad condition. Medical aid was summoned. The police authorities are after the desperadoes, but as yet no arrests have been made.

## A SAD, EVENTFUL HISTORY.

A Cleveland Heiress Runs Away with Dan Rice's Circus—Equestrienne, Mother and Tramp—How the Buttercups of a Cincinnati Hospital "Mixed the Babies Up" and Caused a Muddle.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 11.—A gentleman from the Pennsylvania oil regions, at present in this city for a few days, gives the thread of a story of some local interest which will develop in that section in a few days. There is a "woman in it," as a matter of course, who, if her story is true, is the daughter of a prominent and wealthy business man of Cleveland, who has for fourteen years believed her dead. Our informant was unable to give all the names in the strange drama of life, including that of the central figure, and on this account the reader may be disposed to receive it as fiction. It is, however, a true story, and many interesting facts that are not now known, together with the names of all the parties in it, will possibly be made public before long. Pinkerton's detectives are now engaged in clearing up the mysteries of the case, which, among other curious things, involves the identity of two children and their return to their respective mothers. So far as the tangled thread has been unraveled, the fathers of these two children have not appeared, further than that one of them is, or was, a

## CINCINNATI MAN.

So much for the preface. The story, or so much of it as our informant was able to learn, is, without any embellishment, as follows:

Twenty years ago Dan Rice was in Cleveland with his circus. When the circus left the town a young girl about ten years of age left with it. This girl is the heroine of the present sketch, and as her father once sought to recover her from another, she is now the custodian of a child whom another who claims to be that child's parent, seeks to recover from her. It seems not to be necessary to give a fictitious wealth and refinement to this girl's Cleveland home in order to make the story more interesting. These essentials exist in fact.

Whether the showman was directly responsible for the action of the young girl in leaving her home and taking up with his circus, we leave for the detectives to ascertain, if they can. Girls have become fascinated with the circus before and since, and for it have abandoned home and friends. This girl left no clue behind as to where she had gone. The parents made diligent search, however, and, after the lapse of six years, found, in a brilliant equestrienne in Dan Rice's circus,

## THEIR WAYWARD CHILD.

Legal proceedings were instituted against Rice, but were dropped when the girl consented to return to her home in Cleveland. She returned home, apparently satisfied with her past experience and content to live thereafter with her parents. She was then sixteen years of age, handsome, and therefore

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

After remaining at home for a few months she again disappeared, this time as mysteriously as before. Her whereabouts were, however, soon ascertained. After a quiet search on the part of her father and an officer or two, it was learned that she had left Cleveland with a Cincinnati man, and was living with him in this city. Whether the father made any attempt to reclaim her again is not known, but if he did the effort was fruitless. From that time to this, some fourteen years, the girl has been a wanderer upon the earth. Never a wife, she is a mother, and although she has with her now in the oil regions a child about ten years of age, whom she has cared for from infancy, she admits that it is not her own child, but one that was given to her in place of her own babe of the same age, stolen from her breast a few weeks after its birth in Cincinnati. The woman relates that after leaving her home the second time and coming to Cincinnati she was deserted by the man who had brought her here. When she was about to become a mother she went to a hospital, where she solemnly asserts she

## GAVE BIRTH TO A FEMALE CHILD.

She had the new-born babe in her possession and care for some weeks, when she was taken sick. The baby was taken from her, and given to an old woman to keep until the mother was again able to have it with her. Her illness was severe, and lasted two or three months. On her recovery a baby was brought to her as her own. It was not even of the same sex, her baby being a girl and this one a boy. She protested that this was not her child, and demanded that her own baby be returned to her. Her protestations and demands were alike unavailing, notwithstanding that she had the testimony of the physician who was present at the time of her *accouchement* that the child born to her was a girl. The old woman who had taken care of the child claimed that it was the identical baby she had received from the mother. While the young woman was positive the baby was not hers, she seems to have taken it to fill, in a measure, the place made vacant by her own. When she recovered sufficiently to do for herself she left the hospital, taking her little stranger-baby with her. For years she wandered from place to place, earning, as best she could, a living for herself and child. She would not, she said, return home to disgrace her parents with her disgrace, and so she struggled on, an outcast. In her travels from city to city and from state to state, she found herself in Franklin, Venango county, Pa. This was a year and a half ago, and the boy was about eight and a half years of age. While in Franklin she was visited by a lady unknown to her, who wished to see the boy. The lady gave as her reason for desiring to see the boy that she believed he was her child, and if he was, certain marks, which she described, would be

## FOUND UPON HIS BODY.

An examination was made, and the marks found as described. The Franklin lady asserted that without

seeing the marks she could have identified the boy as her son from the close resemblance between him and his father. The story she related as evidence of the justness of her claim was this, and she told it without knowing anything of the history of the woman in whose possession she believed she had found her son: She lived in Buffalo, N. Y., and was then in Franklin only for a short time. She had given birth to a child in a hospital in Cincinnati at a certain time, mentioning the year and month in which the Cleveland woman's baby was born, also in a Cincinnati hospital. The Franklin, or, as we know her now, the Buffalo woman's baby was a boy. She was taken sick and the child was given to a nurse. After a month or so a female child was returned to her as being her own. She refused to accept it, and was compelled to leave the hospital without her baby. Now she claimed to have found her offspring in this eight-and-a-half-year-old boy, and having, as she believed, established her claim, she proposed to regain possession of him. To this the Cleveland woman objected. She looked upon the boy as her own child, although she knew he was not, and after having him for so many years as her only comfort in life she would not now be

## PARTED FROM HIM.

The Buffalo woman set about to obtain possession of the child through legal means, but before anything was done the woman fled with the boy in the night. She next appeared in Bradford, the famous oil town in McKean county, and there she was followed by the woman who claims to be the mother of the boy, and who is determined to recover possession of her child, if possible. The detectives working on the case are looking for a clue to the whereabouts of the girl-baby born to the Cleveland woman, if it be still alive. As yet no traces of it have been discovered. In conversation with the detectives the woman said she had learned that her parents in Cleveland had received intelligence of her death about the time she was lying sick in the Cincinnati hospital, and that they accept it as true, and as far as she knew they still thought her dead. She did not wish them to think otherwise, as she was, at least, dead to them. She showed photographs of herself at the ages of ten, fourteen and eighteen, in all of which she was remarkably handsome.

The detectives have been working quietly, and up to this time no publicity has been given to the matter, and they will doubtless be surprised at seeing this publication. Our informant, who is a reliable gentleman, accounts satisfactorily for the manner in which the facts, as related here, came to be known by him.

## Alice Pillington's Bitter Pill.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 10.—On the 27th of December a young woman known as Alice Gloyd died at the City Hospital, where she had been delivered a few days previous of a child. There was considerable mystery as to her identity. Just before she entered the hospital she had been boarding at the Anderson House, a place of bad repute. At the hospital she stated that she came from Ohio; that she was married, but had been deserted by her husband, and that she had come to Fort Wayne in search of her liege lord, whom she had not found. She afterward told her nurse that she was not married, but had been seduced and betrayed in Ohio, and that after her lover left her, she had become the mistress of a young married man now in this city.

Within a few hours after death her body, not being claimed, was handed over to the Fort Wayne Medical College for dissection, according to the law in this state. There were some mysteries connected with the girl's last illness and death, however, which the city papers undertook to ventilate, and some severe attacks were published on the Hospital and Medical College. In fact, the affair has made a first-class sensation, and a number of people from other places, hearing of the case, have come to the city to find if Alice Gloyd was not, in reality, some female relative who had drifted away from them.

To-day, however, the mystery was solved, and the dead girl was identified as Alice Pillington, daughter of Willis Pillington, who lives two miles from Warren, in Steuben township, Warren county, Ohio. The house in which Alice passed her youth is a primitive structure, perched on the side of a hill, the sides being formed of poles, and surmounted by a brush roof. The habitation did not enjoy the luxury of a stove, a fire being built on stones in the centre, around which the members of the family huddled. It is little wonder that Alice Pillington cut loose from these surroundings and finally went to ruin. She was a pretty and attractive girl, with a splendid figure, and of course she fell a victim to man's lust.

In February, 1877, she had a miscarriage, and in June, 1878, was delivered of a male child, who is now living with his grandparents. After recovering from her confinement, Alice went to work as a domestic on the farm of John Miller, four miles from her home. There she worked five months and then returned to her home, which she left a few weeks ago and came to this city, from which time her career has been related.

## Irrepressible Greenfield.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 9.—Counsel for Orlando Greenfield, the condemned murderer of his wife, are now busy procuring affidavits to sustain those they presented to Governor Robinson last month, asking for a commutation of sentence to imprisonment for life. The affidavits the people presented at that time defeated the defense in so far as commutation was then concerned, but did not prevent them from getting a respite to the 30th of this month. Greenfield's counsel are now merely fighting to keep the noose off his neck as long as possible. They will use all the time between this and the 30th, the day now set for the hanging, in this affidavit business. Just before the time expires they will appear before Governor Cornell to push their request for commutation. The prisoner and his friends have little upon which to base their hope of executive clemency.



## A Lecherous "Coon."

LYNCHBURG, Va., Jan. 10.—Last Monday evening a bright mulatto, who gave his name as "Mr. Columbus Miles," called at the house of Mr. Miller, a poor but highly respected resident of Amherst county, and familiarly known as "Well-digger Miller," and told Miller's daughter that he had been sent to escort her to a party in the neighborhood.

It seems that she agreed to accompany him on a horse, and after going a short distance he made certain improper advances, which she indignantly repulsed, and finally escaped from him and returned to her home. The negro followed her back home, and, producing a pistol, frightened the lady's father, an old man, and a little brother, so that they made no resistance, and then forced the young lady to accompany him to a school-house some distance away, where he brutally outraged her person.

He then fled, but was overtaken and captured near Lexington, brought back and tried before Justice Goodwin, who ordered him to be sent to jail, and placed him under a guard of seven or eight men, to secure his safety.

When the guards, with their prisoner, were approaching Sandige's mills, on Friday, they were met by an armed force of thirty or forty men, who fired off their guns and frightened the guard, after which they took charge of the prisoner, and, taking him to a colored church, about three hundred yards off, hung him on a tree.

His body was found, stiff in death, Sunday morning, hanging on the tree. Though a summary retribution, the general impression seems to be that it was richly merited.

## "Too Smart! Too Cunning!"

[Subject of Illustration.]

BODIE, Cal., Jan. 9.—James Madden is a drug clerk, but is better known from his champion snowshoes. He had learned to use 'em in a San Jose flower-garden. So he mounted his new pair at the mine, recently, and started down for Main street. Things went along smoothly for a hundred yards or so, the snow being soft and the descent gradual. But pretty soon the hill got steeper and the soil comparatively hard; then the shoes acted as if they were bewitched, starting at a break-neck speed. The rider managed to hold his balance for a couple of hundred yards, until the shoes collided with a stable. There he made a flying leap of some twenty-five feet radius, alighting on the roof and crashing through, scaring a pensive cow nearly to death. When the boys came to his rescue and were bearing him tenderly to his lodgings, he said, as soon as he could catch his breath: "Too smart! too cunning! Write on my tombstone: 'Died in a successful attempt to put a skylight in a cowshed.'"



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—M'DLE BLANCHI, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ARTISTE, FOLIES BERGERES, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 2.

eighty witnesses were examined. After being out twenty-one hours the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner, and fixed his punishment at ten years in the state's prison. A motion will be made for a new trial this afternoon.

While an attorney for the state was speaking yesterday, and pouring hot shot into the prisoner, he jumped to his feet, and, with an oath, attempted to strike the speaker. It was with great difficulty that the sheriff removed him from the room. Combs is a vicious man, powerful and determined. After the sentence of the court had been delivered, he remarked

to the sheriff, "You will never get me to the penitentiary alive." The jury was composed of our very best citizens, and the verdict meets with general approval, many believing the sentence should have been for life.

The theory of the prosecution was that an old grudge had existed between Combs and G. W. Olinger; that on divers occasions difficulties had occurred between them, growing out of business differences; that on these occasions the prisoner had threatened the life of the deceased, and did finally, on the 3d day of October, 1879, shoot and instantly kill Olinger with

premeditation and in cold blood. The theory of the defense was emotional or moral insanity, produced by the sudden and convincing evidence of his wife's seduction by the deceased. This theory was not fully sustained by the evidence, medical experts differing on an agreed statement of facts in which a case was hypothesized.

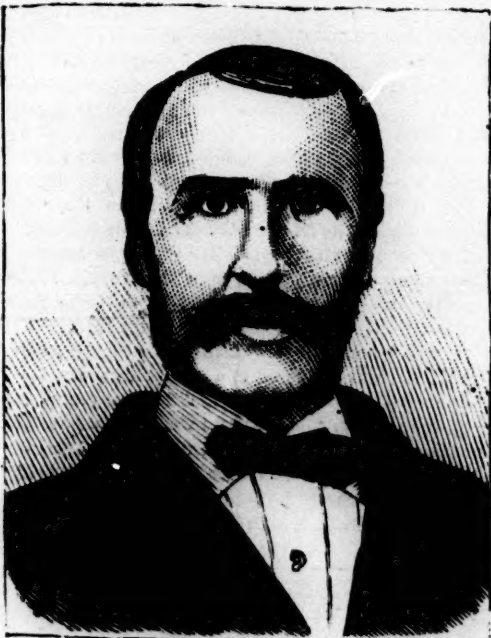
The speeches of all the attorneys in the case were noteworthy. J. W. Kern, M. Bell, of Richmond, for the defense; Prosecutor John E. Moore and Judge N. B. Lindsay, of this city, for the state. The charge of Judge N. B. Overman to the jury was strikingly able and clear.

Readers of the GAZETTE will remember the particulars of this homicide. On the alleged pretext of avenging his own honor and his wife's chastity, Alexander M. Combs shot and instantly killed George W. Olinger on the evening of October 3, 1879, at the latter's farmhouse in Jackson township, this county. He lay in ambush for his victim, and shot him from his concealment just as the unsuspecting man was about to enter his stable at 6 o'clock in the evening to do his feeding. Olinger's death was instantaneous, and Combs confessed the horrible deed, but placed his justification upon the alleged seduction of his wife by Olinger.

## A Field for Moody and Sankey.

At Leadville, Col., on Sunday nearly every store is open. It is the chief day with the places of amusement; the smoke of the smelters perfumes the ambient air a little more villainously than usual, if possible, and the streets are crowded. The church bells gather many worshippers, but they are not missed from the thronged streets. The miners come from all directions. From shafts and tunnels and prospect holes by thousands they come swarming the streets, crowding the corners, lining the bars of the numerous saloons with a coming tide of humanity. Many come to buy their weekly supplies at the stores, whose clerks know no holy Sabbath rest, others come to talk over their strikes and finds, or to bring in their samples for testing.

Crowds throng the more than a hundred gambling dens, from whose wide-open doors the sounds of piano, violin and flute mingle with the shrill voice of the dealer at the faro table, calling:—"Make your bets, gentlemen," and the curses and vulgarity of the players taint the sacred Sabbath air. The gambling house knows no Sunday, and, though the law of the state expressly prohibits the opening of drinking or gambling houses on the Sabbath day, it is as dead as though it had never cumbered the leaves of the statute books, and the police stand idly by watching its violation. Blear-eyed and bloated debauchees, in whose besotted lives honor, decency and manhood have long since died, bandy ribald jokes with the lost



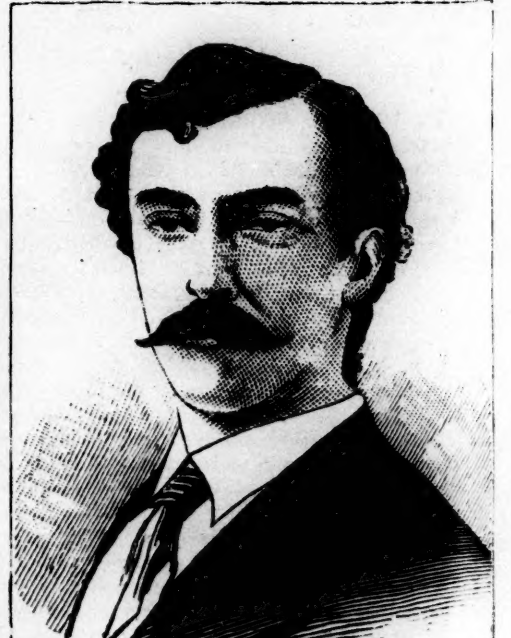
HENRY HAMLIN, MURDERER OF WELLS SHIPMAN, STATE PRISON WATCHMAN: NOW UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH IN HARTFORD JAIL.

## Convicted of Murder.

KOKOMO, Ind., Jan. 8.—The trial of Alexander M. Combs, charged with killing George W. Olinger, has occupied the attention of the Howard circuit court for the past eight days. The trial was entered upon on Monday of last week and given to the jury at yesterday noon. During the entire time the courthouse has been crowded with interested listeners. The indictment was murder in the first degree, and



"TOO SMART! TOO CUNNING!"—THE VERY PRECIPITOUS TUMBLE WHICH A WOULD-BE CHAMPION OF SNOW-SHOE ACCOMPLISHMENTS TOOK WHILE EXHIBITING HIS DEXTERITY IN THEIR USE—A BATTERED ROOF AND A FRIGHTENED BOVINE; BODIE, CAL.



THOMAS B. LEWIS, FORGER AND EMBEZZLER. RELEASED FROM SING SING DEC. 22, BY GOVERNOR ROBINSON; WANTED IN THIS CITY.

women who carry the liquors to the tables. Thieves and pickpockets, watching with keen eyes for the victim and the opportunity, mingle with the bustling crowds, and jostle you as you pass.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 12.—Captain W. G. Wilkinson, leader of the band at the National Soldiers' Home, some time during last night shot and killed his wife, and then killed himself. Domestic trouble is supposed to have caused the tragedy.



**Mrs. Lincoln's Poker Hand.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

WASHINGTON, Pa., Jan. 9.—A young married man of Morrisville, a suburb of Waynesburg, is keeping very shady just now to avoid embarrassing questions about the abnormal condition of his head and face. It seems that he had made frequent immodest proposals to Mrs. Andrew Lincoln, a neighbor. While she accepted none of them, it would appear from their numerous repetitions that she had not spurned him with that display of womanly indignation which would have effectually terminated them. Nor did she tell her husband until she had tired of them. Mr. Lincoln told her to pretend to encourage her admirer, and lead him into a trap from which he would not escape without punishment. She did so. When he next smiled upon her she told him to come to her house on Monday night, when her husband would not be at home.

Just as he tapped on the door, a poker heated white was carefully withdrawn from the fire and stood in a corner where it would not attract attention. Mr. Lincoln secreted himself near at hand. Then the door was opened, and as the young man stepped gaily in he dropped the magnificent sum of thirty-five cents into the hand of his supposed victim. Mrs. Lincoln closed and locked the door and withdrew the key. Taking up the red-hot poker she then and there "went" for that unfortunate young man. She "warmed" him up. She bruised his body, she poked holes in his clothes, she blacked his eyes, she singed his hair, and even after many efforts succeeded in scorching his cheek. During this performance he, of course, made frantic efforts to escape, and driven to desperation he finally tore the lock off the door and gained an ignominious exit. Mr. Lincoln, seeing that his wife was rising fully up to the requirements of the situation, did not disclose his presence. And this is the reason the "Masher of Morrisville" has just now no inclination to appear in public.

**The Incarnation of Villainy.**

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 9.—Sheriff Gooland, of Ia, passed through this city yesterday, having charge of not only a murderer, in the common legal acceptance, but of a fiend, in the poetic understanding of language. The prisoner's name is George Landrum. He is a bright-eyed, fair-faced, unwhiskered young man, but, to read a lengthened description of him as he appeared in his career of bloodshed, would brand him the chief of murderous ruffians. Among his chains, a young



HARTFORD'S SCANDAL—CHARLES H. WEBSTER SHOOT'S DR. HAWLEY, THE ALLEGED SEDUCER OF HIS WIFE, WHILE THE LATTER IS MAKING A PROFESSIONAL CALL AT HIS RESIDENCE; HARTFORD, CONN.—SEE PAGE 6.



FRANK GUTAFSKI, THE BRUTAL ASSASSIN OF GEORGE BLUMM; NANTICOKE, PA.

man so symmetrical and fair, it seemed a pity to detain him. But the careful glances of the sheriff showed that there was need of watchfulness.

From the sheriff we learn a brief history of Landrum's crimes. In 1873 he was a cashier in a Des Moines, Iowa, bank. He had received a careful education, both literary and commercial. The president of the corporation reposed the utmost confidence in his integrity, and not only intrusted him with important business outside of his regular routine, but took him into full confidence. He was well connected, and was remotely related to the governor of that state. One day in June, 1873, the bank officials discovered that about \$25,000 were missing.

Landrum was also gone, and despite the confidence reposed, the suspicion was fastened on him. The

newspapers throughout the country published articles concerning the robbery, and the whole country was soon made acquainted with Landrum and his crime. Officers were sent in every direction, but nothing could be learned of the missing cashier. In August of the same year, one evening, a young man approached a farmer in the extreme eastern part of the state and applied for work. The busy season was over, but Mr. Barnes, the name of the farmer, noting the young man's prepossessing appearance, engaged him. He gave his name as Silsby, and said that, having been disappointed as a merchant, he was willing to do any kind of work. When attempting to discharge the duties assigned him, he showed such an ignorance and yet such a willingness to learn, that, instead of finding fault, Mr. Barnes was more willing

to retain him. The acquaintance between them grew into a warm friendship, and Barnes intrusted the young man with all his business affairs. One day in March, of the year 1874, young Silsby was in the barn attending to the wants of the cattle, when Barnes entered. Silsby was tossing hay, and when Barnes approached him, he turned, and, springing toward him, felled him with the fork and pinned him to the floor.

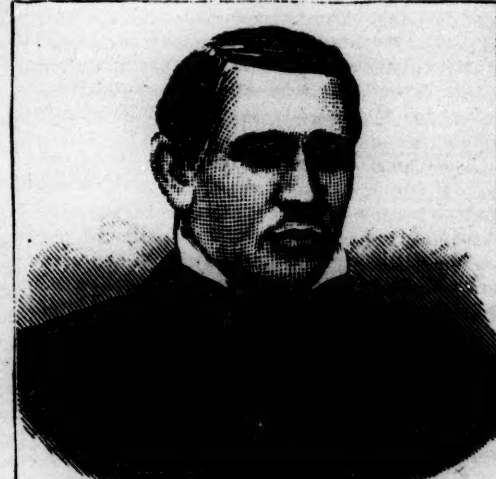
Barnes' son, about sixteen years of age, happened to witness the tragedy, and, with a wild shriek, he started for the house. Silsby overtook him and struck him to the earth; and then, going to the house, he beat Mrs. Barnes until she consented to give up all the money in her possession, some \$3,000. Barnes never rose from the floor where he had been pinned, and the boy afterwards died of the wound inflicted by Silsby. After the tragedy it soon became known that Silsby was none other than Landrum, the polished bank robber. But he fled the country and went no one knew where.

Several weeks ago Sheriff Gooland learned that a young man answering the description of Landrum had been arrested near Austin, Texas, for committing an assault with intent to rob. After communicating with the proper authorities, the sheriff repaired to Texas, and found that the young man was the actual Landrum, the Silsby, and the murderer. So he took him into custody, and yesterday passed through this city with his prisoner, en route for Iowa, where the fair-faced young man will, if justice is done, spend the balance of his life in the service of the state.

**A Brave Girl's Plucky Chase.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

While Miss Emily Jessup, of Montgomery street, this city, was on her way up-stairs to her room, two young men came running from the stairway at full speed. A glance showed Miss Jessup that her room-door, which she had left locked, was standing wide open. She comprehended the situation, and instead of screaming and then falling on the floor in a faint, she gathered up her train and ran after the two men. It was a fair running race. The foremost of the three gained the front door in good time, and, leaping upon the pavement, fled up the street, and got away. The other fellow was about to follow him, when Miss Jessup grasped him by the coat-tail. He struggled to get away, but Miss Jessup held him firmly and called loudly for help. None of the neighbors came to her assistance, but she maintained her hold of the thief until an officer arrested him. His pockets were full of plunder.



JOHN WASHINGTON, ALLEGED ACCOMPLICE OF GUTAFSKI IN THE BLUMM MURDER.



A BRAVE GIRL'S PLUCKY CHASE—EMILY JESSUP ENTERS A GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE MATCH WITH A SNEAK THIEF, AND WINS THE BELT FOR SPUNK AND SPEED BY CAPTURING THE CULPRIT AND HANDING HIM OVER TO JUSTICE.—NEW YORK CITY.



## A HIGH-TONED SCANDAL.

**An Enraged Husband Shoots His Wife's Alleged Seducer While Making a Professional Call.**

## CIGARS TO THE RESCUE.

**Upper-Tendom Shocked By the Spicy Revelations of the Misdeeds of a Faithless Wife.**

## GALL-STONES VS. BULLETS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 10.—An affair occurred in this city this noon which is the culmination of a scandal of several months' standing, and may be attended with fatal results. For a long time there have been stories in circulation that Dr. George F. Hawley, a young physician and son of Dr. George B. Hawley, one of the leading old-school practitioners here, has been on terms of intimacy with the wife of Charles H. Webster, of the insurance firm of Chapman & Webster. About four months ago the scandal became so notorious that it was a matter of common remark among the people of Hartford, all the parties being well known and moving in good social circles. At that time Mrs. Hawley left her husband's house and went to her father's, and it was reported that she took this step with a view to separate permanently from the doctor; but, after an absence of a few weeks, she returned, and was often seen in public with her husband, and it was then said that she went home in the first place on account of sickness in the family, and that the course of her husband, even if she knew of it, had nothing to do with her action.

Dr. Hawley must have known about the stories in circulation concerning him, and there is no doubt that some of his friends cautioned him about his movements, lest he might

GET HIMSELF INTO TROUBLE.

Further than this, Mr. Webster, who was disturbed over the frequent visits of the doctor, knowing that they created talk, though he may not have known, and probably did not know, all that was going on, called upon Hawley and asked him to discontinue his calls; but this request did not serve its purpose, and Webster at last became thoroughly enraged. He and his wife have had much trouble recently, he accusing her of infidelity, and she charging him with unbecoming jealousy. This week she informed him that she should take her children and go to New York, where she has friends. He told her that she could go if she desired, but that the children should remain, and this morning he gave notice to the police that if she attempted to leave the city on any of the trains to stop the children, if she had them with her, and let her go.

Mr. Webster went at noon to-day to his house in Allen place, to see what his wife's purpose was, not having the slightest suspicion that any one was in the house besides his own family. As he entered the front hall he heard his wife close and lock a door upstairs. He immediately went up there to see what she was about. She was closing another door leading to the children's room as he came up to her, and when he asked her what she was about, she said that she was locking up preparatory to carrying out her purpose of leaving town. But he now

BEGAN TO BE SUSPICIOUS.

and demanded the key to the front room, which is a bed-room. His wife refused to give it to him, and he then went to the door and kicked it in. In kicking the first time he discharged a revolver which was in one of the pockets of his coat, and that, of course, gave warning to the inmate of the room. When Webster got into the room Hawley was sitting in a chair. The former fired immediately while the doctor was about rising from the chair. The doctor then pointed his own pistol and fired, Webster retreating and holding his left hand up as a cover to his head and breast. The shot went into Webster's hand, passing in below the knuckle of the little finger, and passing through to the thumb, making an ugly but not a dangerous wound. Webster got out of the room, but went directly back again, and fired a second shot, and then a third. One of his shots took effect, but which one is not known. One bullet was found in an inside pocket, where it lodged among some cigars; this was almost in the line of the heart. The shots were fired from a pistol of about 40 calibre. One ball passed through the fleshy part of the arm, just below the shoulder, and entered the body under the arm, and is lodged somewhere in the back. As soon as the shooting was over, Webster ran into the street and went to his mother's house, and subsequently gave himself up to the police. The doctor got out of the house soon after, and managed to get to his own house, in Trumbull street, a long distance off, without assistance, and there his father dressed the wound, but

COULD NOT FIND THE BULLET.

Mrs. Webster, after the affray, started with her children to get out of town, but at the depot she was stopped by Detective Cowles, who had heard of the difficulty, and was taken to the station-house. She is about thirty-five years of age, not particularly fine looking in the face, but is well formed, and has a very attractive manner. She said at the police-station that Dr. Hawley was at the house for a proper purpose, and went into the room of his own accord, because he knew the feeling her husband had; further than that, she would say nothing about the shooting. She left the station-house in company with her husband and children.

Prosecuting Attorney Hyde was informed of the affair, and immediately saw all concerned in it. Dr. Hawley talked freely, and said that he was called to the house in a professional way by Mrs. Webster, and

that the shooting was in self-defense wholly. Mr. Hyde, after hearing all the facts, and getting the views of the principals, decided not to prosecute. Here the matter will rest, unless Dr. Hawley's injuries prove fatal. It was thought this afternoon that he might have to suffer the amputation of his arm at the shoulder, as the bone is badly shattered. He is comfortable to-night, and his father thinks the result will not be serious.

Dr. Hawley makes the following statement:

"I have known the family of Mrs. Webster—her mother and sisters—for a good number of years. I have attended the mother and her family professionally, and relieved the mother of a very painful trouble from gall-stones. Webster, who fired upon me to-day, has threatened my life."

on one or two occasions, but I did not think much of it, as he appeared to be extremely excited at times, and he had no good cause for attacking me. About noon to-day, as I was riding by the house, Mrs. Webster called to me and asked for a receipt which, some years since, had benefitted her mother. I went in. She said she was going to New York with her children on the next train. She wanted this receipt. Before I could write it, her husband came in, and he appeared to be in a passion. His wife said he was opposed to her going to New York. I then stepped into an adjoining room to write the prescription. When Mr. Webster kicked against the door and came in, evidently in a rage, he drew a revolver and shot at me, the ball striking my arm. I rose up, when he fired at me again, the ball passing through the folds of my overcoat, cutting three holes in my coat. This ball did not hit my body. When he first fired I thought he would not try it again, but he did, and I saw he intended to kill me. I then, in self-defense, shot at him with a small pistol, wounding him in his hand. He screamed and fell over, and I turned to go out. He rose and fired at me a third time, the ball striking a bunch of eight cigars that were in my overcoat pocket. It cut the cigars to pieces and passed through my coat, landing in my vest pocket. The bunch of cigars saved my life, for the ball struck directly over my heart."

Here Dr. Hawley showed the cigars, all cut to pieces, and the overcoat with the bullet-hole through the side-pocket.

"Mr. Webster then ran away as fast as he could go, and I came home. There was no reason for the man shooting at me. I had been in his house but a very few moments. I went in at the call of Mrs. Webster, and should have written the receipt and passed out within five minutes, had not the man rushed in and begun this assault."

Mrs. Webster's maiden name was Clara Hay, and her parents live in Red Bank, N. J.

## Incest and Murder.

MUNFORDVILLE, Ky., Jan. 11.—The news reached here this morning of a most sickening and horrible case of infanticide and probable incest, brought to light yesterday in our neighboring county of Bowen. The particulars are of the most revolting character, and reek with depravity, while the whole affair takes precedence as the most infamous crime that has blotched the already-dimmed escutcheon of the dark and bloody ground. Living in what is known as the Slick Rock neighborhood, in Bowen county, is a family by the name of Duvall, people generally well thought of by the neighbors, and considered an honest, industrious family. Alvenia Duvall, the daughter, a girl of seventeen years, until lately above reproach. In the latter part of last November, it was generally believed in the neighborhood that this young lady had given birth to a child, and that her brother who left very suddenly for the West about that time, had committed incest with and was the father of the child as no young man had been paying her any special attention. This, however, was a mere surmise, as no one knew that a child had been born in the house or the reason of the sudden flight of the brother. A few weeks ago the Duvall family changed their residence one of their neighbors renting their farm. The new tenant strongly suspected the girl of foul play, and as soon as he took possession of their old home commenced hunting around for a new made grave. Finding a spot that looked like a grave he began digging, and came on the remains of an infant that shows signs of recent interment. Gathering several of the neighbors, the body was exhumed, and upon examination showed marks of violence, the skull being entirely mashed in. With this evidence, the girl was arrested, and, upon her examination, held in Glasgow, she confessed that she gave birth to the child, and burned it after death, but denied killing it, and refused, when questioned, to give the name of the father. The trial has produced great excitement in the county, and there seems to be little doubt as to the girl's guilt.

## Sentimental Hero Worshipers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The strange passion for hero-worship is being illustrated at present in the case of Pietro Balbo, the Italian murderer now confined in the Tombs, who was to have been hung on the 16th inst., but was saved by the interposition of the ever-accommodating Judge Pratt, of Brooklyn. By flowery accounts of his religious piety and youth, the sentimental gush of Gotham's dames have been wrought up to the high-pressure notch. Tender epistles, bubbling over with sympathy and consolation, pour in upon him at a rate that will necessitate a private secretary before long to attend to his extensive correspondence. Flowers form another source of expression for the feelings of the tender sex for the young wife-murderer. Others go farther and obtain passes in order to vent their compassion in person, and his cell, decorated with flowers and religious emblems and enlivened by the presence of handsome women, assumes at times the appearance of a drawing-room. On another page our artists have sketched a levee held by Balbo, at which the "gushers" are present in force.

## "BENEDICT" ARNOLD.

**Gone West With His Employer's Horse and Buggy—and a Neighbor's Daughter—A Wife and Child Basely Deserted.**

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 7.—We have quite a sensation here and North Whitehall is all alive with the excitement. The facts, as are learned from the man whose girl was stolen and the employer of the person guilty of the crime, are about as follows: Will Arnold is the name of a young man about twenty-two years of age, who for some time past has been the hired man on the farm of Elias Henninger, in North Whitehall township. He is a married man, his wife and child living at Richsville. Up to within about two months ago Ellie C. Roth, aged not quite fourteen years, was maid at Mr. Henninger's. She is the daughter of David H. H. Roth, who lives near. Between Arnold and the young girl there existed a warm friendship, which was not to the liking of the girl's father, who, to remove her from what he feared might be temptation and danger, took her home about Nov. 1st.

For some time past Arnold has expressed a desire to go west. On the 28th ult., he had a sale of his household effects and sold everything except what could be packed in two trunks. These trunks he packed on Friday afternoon and hired a team from Elias Henninger, saying he wished to take them to the East Penn. Junction, in this city, to have them

CHECKED FOR THE WEST.

It has since been learned that the trunks were not taken to Allentown. Where they were taken is not known at present. Since the sale of his household goods Arnold has been loitering about the neighborhood, and frequently was seen near the house of Mr. Roth. This created suspicion, but no one appeared to divine Arnold's purpose. On Sunday morning last the young girl was sent to the stable to milk the cow. She stayed so long that an older sister was sent after her, who found that Arnold was in the stable talking to her. The older sister remonstrated with Arnold and scolded him, when he went off in the direction of Henninger's. Later on Sunday morning the girl begged of her father that he allow her to go and visit her god-mother, who resides about two and a half miles away, near Schedid's Hotel, in North Whitehall. Mr. Roth positively refused permission, which seemed to grieve her greatly. During Sunday afternoon Arnold sneaked about Mr. Roth's house, but did not enter. He seemed intent upon having a conversation with the girl, and on Sunday evening he met her at an ore wharf, about one hundred and fifty yards from her home. After she returned from the wharf and entered the house, her father questioned her about what she and Arnold had talked, but she gave very evasive answers and persisted that

NOTHING WAS WRONG.

Monday morning the girl and a younger sister were sent to school, at what is called Levan's school. Arnold that morning hired a horse and carriage, with buffalo robe, blankets, etc., from Henninger, his employer, for the purpose, he alleged, of going to Treichlersville, to fetch his wife and child, whom he wished to take to Henninger's house, where they were to remain until this morning, when Mr. Henninger was to take them to Allentown to meet him (Arnold) at the depot and take the train to the west. Instead of going to Treichlersville, Arnold drove in the direction of the school-house, but before he got there he stopped on the road and sent a little boy to the school-house to tell the Roth girl to come up and meet him. This was before the school had opened and before the teacher was present. The boy delivered the message to the girl, who at once went to meet Arnold. The younger sister followed and said she would tell her father, to which she replied,

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE."

Then she jumped into the wagon and they drove off, and since then nothing has been seen or heard of Arnold, the girl or the team. The smaller sister did not go home to dinner and when she returned alone in the evening she was asked where Ellie was. Her reply was that she had driven off with Arnold, and then the truth flashed on the parents' mind that she had eloped. The news spread rapidly and has created great excitement. Mr. Roth, the girl's father, and Mr. Henninger, the owner of the team, came to town and informed the police authorities, who are now engaged in working up the case. They learned that the trunks which Arnold packed on Friday and took away from Henninger's house, had not been brought to any of the depots in this city.

Arnold is about five feet seven inches high, has sandy mustache and side whiskers and curly hair. The girl will be fourteen years old by next May and is about four feet nine inches high and rather well developed.

The team consists of a good bay mare, fifteen years old, white forehead, the hind legs white nearly up to the knees. The carriage is an old-fashioned top wagon. In conversation with the girl's father he told us that he thought Arnold disposed of the team, and that he is now on his way west with his daughter. He thinks Arnold took the trunks to some other place, had them shipped west and is now following them. Arnold's wife is in great distress over the elopement.

## Fatal Quarrel at a Ball.

[With Portraits.]

CHAMBERSBURG, Ohio, Dec. 26.—Several young men of this village arranged for a grand ball on Christmas night. Mr. M. K. Shively, a well-known resident, was selected as master of ceremonies. Soon after the ball opened, and while Mr. Shively was making change at the door, two persons, William T. Hanley and Robert Harvey, unaccompanied by ladies, passed by Mr. Shively and went up stairs to the ball room. Parties in the room, knowing the regulations, immediately notified Mr. Shively, who went up and politely informed the gentlemen of the rules and requested that they leave. They, after some loud talk, came down stairs, but while yet in the house, it is said, Hanley called Shively a liar and used other

rough language. Shively put his hand up on the breast of Hanley, when Hanley drew a revolver and reaching over fired at Shively, who was a smaller man, the ball going in at the top of his head.

He almost immediately sank down and was carried to the house of Mr. Samuel Marshall, where he lingered in an unconscious condition until the Saturday morning following, at 5 o'clock, when he died. It is said that immediately on the firing of the shot the lights in the hall were blown out, and Harvey was arrested and confined in the Chambersburg lock-up for putting out the lights. In the darkness Hanley escaped, crossing the river to West Virginia, where he lived, and is still at large. Shively, it is reported to us, was a temperate, worthy young man, engaged to a daughter of Mr. Marshall, at whose house he died, and did nothing to merit his sad fate. Previous to this occurrence Hanley and Shively were the best of friends. If the law against carrying concealed weapons was enforced as it should be, there would be less murders.

A reward of \$200 is offered for the capture of the murderer. Hanley is about twenty-two years of age; height five feet ten inches; weighs about 130 pounds; two false front teeth (upper); smooth face and feminine in appearance; light complexion, blue eyes; light hair and full forehead; wears No. 6 boots and goes well dressed. One-half of the above reward will be paid by the commissioners of Gallia county, O., and the remainder by the Gallia Lodge, No. 459 F. and A. M., of Chambersburg, O.

## A MOTHER'S TONGUE WALLOPING

**Separates Her Daughter from Her Husband, and Causes a Tragedy.**

LEADVILLE, Col., Jan. 8.—Shortly after one o'clock this afternoon the neighborhood of the old county jail, on Park avenue between Harrison avenue and Pine street, was alarmed by the report of a pistol. For a moment all was still, and then the door of the building, formerly occupied as the jail, now a residence and dress-making establishment, was thrown open, and Mrs. Hosmer, the lady who leases the establishment, ran into the snow, screaming at the top of her voice, "My daughter has killed herself, my daughter shot herself, help!"

The inmates of the house quickly joined the old lady, and comprehending from her hysterical manner and actions what had transpired, hastened into the room on the first floor indicated by the old lady. At the door they heard faint moans within, and bursting it open, there found Clara Hosmer lying in a semi-unconscious condition, with the life blood welling from her left breast. The pistol, a small one, was clutched in her right hand, thrown across her bosom, and was literally

REEKING WITH BLOOD.

Tender and sympathetic hands placed the poor girl in an easier position, and then a messenger was hastily dispatched for a physician. Considerable trouble was experienced in finding one, every office visited only eliciting that the disciple of Esculapius was out. Finally Dr. Bowker was found in, and on being notified as to what had transpired, put his surgical instruments together as quickly as possible and accompanied the messenger to the scene of the sad tragedy. On arriving the doctor administered restoratives to the unfortunate girl, and then began the task of ascertaining the course pursued by the bullet. It had entered just below the left nipple, and no evidence of the course it had pursued could be discovered. Removing a portion of her clothing, the unconscious woman was turned face downwards on the bed. There was a slight puff of the skin near the spinal column, between the seventh and eighth ribs, and placing his fingers there, Dr. Bowker felt the bullet, it having gone through her body. A sharp knife and one scientific stroke and the bullet, a small twenty-two calibre, was removed. Entering the left breast, it had passed through the lobe of the left lung, pierced the greater curvature of the stomach and on through, lodging in the muscles and under the skin of the back, near the spinal column and between the seventh and eighth ribs. It was an air line shot, sufficient to have

KILLED A GIANT.

Her preparations for death were very deliberate. She indited no note or letter to anyone, but, seating herself upon the bed, arranged herself comfortably, cocked the weapon, pressed it to her bosom where she thought the bullet would find her heart, pressed the trigger, and the leaden pellet tore through flesh and blood, doing its work only too well. Every one in Leadville knows Clara Hosmer. She used to conduct a small fruit and confectionery stand between the post office and Tabor's Opera House, and always had a nod and a smile for her customers and friends in passing. She was a pretty girl, and none thought at that time that she would ever seek her own destruction. Something like two months ago she fell in with a gambler. Her mother opposed the match, and they ran away together and were privately married by Judge Stansell. When Mrs. Hosmer learned of her daughter's hasty step she grew bold in a night and cursed her roundly. The young couple went out of town for a few days, and efforts to effect a reconciliation were set on foot. They failed, but somehow or other Clara came back without her husband, and alone, and to her mother's roof. Since the period of her return she has been a changed woman, and has evidently attempted her own life in a longing for rest and peace.

## Sentenced to Death.

[With Portrait.]

Henry Hamlin, confined in the Hartford Jail since 1877, has been sentenced to be hung on the 28th of May, 1880, for murdering Welles Shipman, watchman of the State Prison, where Hamlin was serving a term for robbery. His whole life has been a series of crimes, and little sympathy is felt among those who know his record.



## JERSEY HEARD FROM.

Parson Briscoe Takes a Tumble From Grace and Proves Himself a Libertine.

## A PRETTY ORGANIST

Of the Feminine Persuasion Leads Him Astray, and Gets Herself in a Serious Fix.

## A MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE OF TANSY.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Jan. 10.—A scandal leaked out in this usually quiet city yesterday, which set the tongues of all the gossips in motion. The matter, now it has become public, will doubtless shake the whole social fabric hereabouts from centre to circumference. A Methodist clergyman named C. F. Briscoe is involved, and the other most prominent person who figures in the drama (which might, from all accounts, have proven a tragedy) is a young lady named Kate Leonard, who was a member of his pastoral flock and formerly played the organ of the church over which he presided. Miss Leonard is a daughter of W. H. Leonard, who owns a fine place and is a well-to-do farmer, living at Persippany, distant about eight miles from Morristown and five miles from Morris Plains, the latter being the nearest station on the Morris and Essex Railroad. He was formerly a freeholder of Morris county. Miss Leonard is about thirty years of age, weighs about one hundred and forty pounds and is a

PRETTY AND ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, whose accomplishments have been recognized in society here. Rev. Mr. Briscoe is of about the same age. He is a graduate of the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., and has a wife and child. He formerly presided over the Methodist Church at Persippany, but since April last his sphere of spiritual action has been transferred to Arlington, near Newark. For the purposes of consecutiveness it becomes necessary to go back somewhat in the recital of the narrative, which dates back some little time.

Persippany is cosily situated. Besides its country store and post office it has two churches—one Methodist and one Presbyterian. Its residents, as a class, are intelligent and cultured to a degree probably beyond that of many of her sister hamlets. Between the two churches there has long existed a friendly rivalry for supremacy, each vying with the other for social prominence. This state of affairs was largely owing to the advent, some three years ago, of Rev. Mr. Briscoe and his wife, a lady of culture and attainments. Mr. Briscoe was a member of the Newark Methodist Conference, and was by that body assigned to the pastorate of the Persippany Methodist Episcopal Church. The new pastor was in the prime of life, of a jovial disposition, and, withal, of commanding presence. He soon became popular both in and outside of the congregation. Everything moved along smoothly until Dame Rumor began to whisper concerning his alleged undue intimacy with a young and

PREPOSSESSING WIDOW. The lady in question was not a member of Mr. Briscoe's church, but was a frequent attendant, and upon occasions, as is further alleged, manifested a decided preference for the pastor's society. The subsequent scandal seems to have gained credence mainly through stories promulgated by the sexton of Briscoe's church, who detailed certain conduct of the pastor and widow upon the occasion of decorating the church for the holidays, and also told how he had frequently seen the pastor call upon the widow at unseemly hours, and how it was occasionally their wont to go carriage riding together. The village gossip at last reached the ears of the pastor, who immediately interviewed the sexton and frightened him into a promise to publicly retract the scandal. Mr. Briscoe announced at the close of a Sunday morning service that Sexton Romaine would at the evening service publicly retract certain derogatory reports. This notice induced a large audience at the evening meeting. In due time Sexton Romaine arose and admitted that he really knew of nothing especially tangible against the pastor, but proceeded to state what he, upon divers occasions, had seen. At this juncture, it seems, the pastor peremptorily commanded the sexton to be seated and say no more. From that day dates a serious division in the church. Friends of the pastor and the widow considered the retraction a complete vindication of the accused, while others characterized the whole proceeding as a flimsy attempt at whitewashing, and only talked the louder and longer. The matter finally got into the local papers, thereby

INCREASING THE SENSATION. Presiding Elder Van Horn, of Newark, heard of it and soundly lectured the clergyman, but took no further official notice of the matter, and Mr. Briscoe continued his pastoral term until April last, when he was sent by the conference to Arlington, near Newark. About two months ago Mr. Briscoe handed Mr. Hunt, the station agent at Morris Plains, a package with the request that it be intrusted to Mr. Class, the Persippany stage driver for delivery at the latter place. The package was wrapped in a newspaper, upon the border of which was indistinctly written the young lady's name and address. Mr. Class, not being present at that moment, the agent placed the package in the stage and neglected to mention the matter to Class, who drove home, and upon arriving there found the package. Not knowing to whom it belonged and not noticing the address, he carelessly laid it aside in his wagon house, where it remained four days. Then Class thought he would open it and, if possible, thereby ascertain to whom it belonged. An inspection of the package revealed two bottles, two instruments and a note without any signature.

Not fully comprehending his discovery, Mr. Class called in a neighbor—Dr. Cooper—who pronounced the contents of one bottle to be oil of tansy and the instruments such as are used for malpractice. The note read as follows:

"I have waited here for you for several hours, but you did not come. I now send the instruments and medicines to you. Follow the directions for using them. If you can't do it yourself, meet me on Tuesday next and I will do it for you."

Dr. Cooper, it seems, told Mr. Class to say nothing of the discovery, and they proceeded to wrap up the package. In doing so they discovered the address of Miss Leonard upon it. The same evening a son of Mr. Class was at the church assisting in arranging for a concert. Miss Leonard and Mr. Briscoe were also there, the latter having that day come from Arlington to

## OFFICIATE AT A WEDDING.

In the course of the evening Miss Leonard requested young Clark to remind his father to inquire at the depot next day for a package for her. The young man's delivery of the message confirmed his father's theory that the lady was not cognizant of Briscoe having sent any package until he himself had informed her that evening, hence her solicitude to obtain it.

On the following morning Mr. Class took the package to the depot and brought it back upon his return trip as having just received it. The lady met him in the road before the stage reached her home, and obtained the package without any knowledge of its having been opened. A few days subsequently Miss Leonard took a seat in the stage and, in reply to a casual question as to her destination, replied: "I am only going to Orange." After she had boarded the train Mr. Class learned that she had purchased a ticket for New York. Miss Leonard returned home the following day, and left again a few days subsequently. She was then absent about a month, or until about three weeks ago, when she returned home an invalid. It is understood that she has now left her father's roof and is with friends in the neighborhood of Orange. Mr. Hunt, the station agent, declares that he is positive it was Mr. Briscoe who gave him the package, and was particularly impressed at the time, as he remarked, "I thought it strange that Briscoe should want to send a package to Persippany when he was going there himself," and added, "I did not know then that he had moved away from Persippany."

The story is thoroughly ventilated throughout the neighborhood, and has been investigated by the present pastor, Rev. Mr. Rhear, who deeply deprecates the scandal in his church. He contemplates, it is said, early steps toward the expulsion from the church of the unhappy young lady, and has already enlightened the presiding elder concerning Mr. Briscoe, who will undoubtedly be

## EXPELLED FROM CONFERENCE.

A prominent citizen of Morristown, who knows all the parties, recites the following scandalous details in connection with this affair: "On the 23d of December a gentleman called and gave me a full history of the affair at Persippany. It was found that the person involved was a minister named Briscoe. A stage driver named Class, who ran a stage between Morris Plains and Persippany, found a package in his stage, the address upon which he did not at first notice. The package was wrapped in a newspaper, on the margin of which the address of Miss Kate Leonard appeared. Three days before he made the latter discovery, however, and while the parcel lay in his barn, he opened the same and found several bottles of medicine and surgical instruments. Not knowing the use of the latter, he showed them to Dr. Cooper, at Persippany. The doctor told Mr. Class that the medicines and instruments were for the purpose of malpractice. In the package was also a note without a signature, which those who saw it declare was in Mr. Briscoe's handwriting. The same day Miss Leonard told Class' son that she was expecting a parcel, and expressed the wish that his father would look carefully for it. The following night Class took the package up to Persippany and delivered it to Miss Leonard, who came out into the road to receive it. On the Tuesday following she left her father's house, and although she remarked that she was going to Orange, it is known that she purchased a ticket for New York. After an absence of two or three days she returned in an enfeebled condition, and has since been confined to her bed. It's a shocking story, and will make a breeze now that it has got to come out."

## Nanticoke's Tragedy.

[With Portraits.]

Particulars of a cold-blooded murder have reached us from Nanticoke, Pa. George Blumm, the victim, incensed his assassin by taking the part of a friendless emigrant who had just arrived in the town, whom Gutafski made the butt of his ridicule and abuse. Blumm's intercession created a stormy word encounter, which was finally succeeded by a calm of perhaps half an hour. In the meantime Gutafski left the place, but returned at a little after 10 o'clock, in the evening and immediately renewed his ruffianly remarks to those who had evidenced his displeasure by taking the part of the frightened immigrant, and among those to whom he particularly addressed his conversation was George Blumm. The latter explained that his motives were out of pure kindness to a stranger who seemed to be in need of friends. Thereupon Gutafski said, "If you don't like it I'll give you some yourself," and suiting his action to the threat, he drew from his pocket a small sewing machine screw-driver, and raising his hand high above his head, with an oath upon his lips, drove the glistening steel into the scalp of Blumm, at a point just above the right temple and a little forward. The assassin then attempted to draw the deadly weapon from the wound, but so firmly was the instrument imbedded in the scalp that in his attempt to extract it he wrenched the handle from the shaft, and there the steel stuck. John Washington is alleged to have incited Gutafski to his murderous deed.

## ORACLE OR WITCH.

The Curious Gift Possessed by an Old Negress—Wonderful Recovery of Stolen Treasure.

SHELBYVILLE Ind., Jan. 10.—Mention was made in the GAZETTE at the time of its occurrence that Samuel Barrett, a young man of this county, had lost \$500, the money being stolen from his residence by some unknown thief. The young man recently recovered most of his money undersuch peculiar circumstances as to justify detailed statement. The following is the story, that cannot fail to prove of interest to the GAZETTE's many thousand readers:

Samuel Barrett is the son of the late Ezekiah Barrett, of Moral township, this county. Last summer he became of age, and received \$500 as his share in the settlement of his father's estate. In the meantime his mother had married Mr. John Hutchinson, and young Barrett made his home with his stepfather. As soon as he received his inheritance young Barrett deposited it safely in a drawer at Mr. Hutchinson's house, and commenced to indulge in pleasant visions of the nice little home it would purchase for him when he got ready to

## MARRY AND SETTLE DOWN.

He had, however, scarcely gotten the money into his possession until it was stolen by some thief, to whom the despoiled owner could for some time obtain no possible clue. Samuel was inconsolable over his loss for several weeks, and had finally despaired of ever recovering his money. But one day he confided his troubles to a negro in the neighborhood by the name of Wilkins, and that sable mentor suggested a curious plan for the discovery of the thief and the stolen money. Wilkins told Barrett that he knew a wonderful woman in Indianapolis who possessed the power of divination—a clairvoyant who could look into the future and unravel many occult mysteries that are concealed from ordinary mortals. Wilkins offered to introduce his friend to his "weird sister," whom he called a witch, and so, without making known their intention to any one, the couple started off to Indianapolis. They had an interview with the strange woman, whose name and exact place of residence they refuse to divulge. She told Barrett that she knew who took his money, and also where it was at that time. Thereupon, without giving her name, she very accurately described the personal appearance and surroundings of a certain woman, whom Barrett readily recognized as one of his neighbors. The witch asked nothing for her services at the time, but told Barrett she could bring influence to bear on the thief that would make her restore the lost money, in which case she expected him to make her a present for the services thus rendered. Barrett implicitly

## BELIEVED THE ORACLE,

promised to obey all her instructions to do nothing rash and wait patiently, and then returned home.

So matters stood for several weeks, without any additional developments, and Barrett concluded again to visit his mysterious adviser. She repeated her former story, and told her visitor that the thieves had spent a part of his money; but that the balance would certainly be returned to him in a very short time. With this Barrett went back home, having his confidence somewhat shaken in the miraculous powers of this modern Witch of Endor. Now comes the strangest part of the story. Not long after returning from his second visit, and one morning very recently, young Barrett went out to his stepfather's stable to attend to feeding the stock. As he went to enter the stable he was delighted to discover between the fastening pin and the outer edge of the door a roll of bills, which upon examination proved to be \$310 of his missing money. All the bills were recognized as the identical ones he had lost, with the exception of a new \$100 bill, which had taken the place of the original one of an older date. It is needless to relate how happy this find made young Barrett, and that his confidence in the Indianapolis clairvoyant was COMPLETELY RESTORED.

Whether he complied with his promise to make her a nice present in case of success has not been learned. But Barrett and the negro Wilkins strenuously refuse to make public the name of this benefactress.

Naturally, this singular occurrence and rumored details connected with it have been all the talk in the neighborhood where the interested parties reside. The gossip has caused the eyes of suspicion to be directed to a certain man and his wife as the parties ferreted out by the so-called witch as the perpetrators of the mysterious theft and the still more mysterious restitution of the money. Becoming somewhat restive under the neighborhood insinuations and the dark hints thrown out all around, they have made some threats of a suit for slander as a means of vindication. Whether this will be done, or whether the affair will be allowed to rest where it is, remains to be seen. Should a lawsuit result, however, some additional details of interest would doubtless be developed, and new light be let in on this singular story of lost money, superstitious belief, and a modern imitation of the "weird sisters" in *Macbeth*.

## He'll Never Exodus to Kansas.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 9.—Allen Mathis, colored, was hung here to-day for the murder of Reuben Herring. The gallows was erected some days ago in the jail yard, and was new. It was 18½ feet high, roofed and weather-boarded down to the platform, in order to prevent the ghastly spectacle being visible to the mob outside the jail. The execution was private, only the officers of the law, representatives of the press, surgeons, and two ministers, being admitted. The ministers, who were both clergymen of the African M. E. Church, were with the doomed man all during the morning, giving him spiritual consolation. At twelve o'clock promptly, the Sheriff and his deputies, led the unfortunate man from his cell to the gallows. Once there, the final arrangements were quickly completed, and the drop was sprung after a short religious service. Death was instantaneous, the neck being broken in the fall.

He left a confession in which he stated that at the time of the murder, which occurred over a year ago, Mrs. Herring was at his house. While she was there he saw Reuben Herring approaching the house, and that he concealed himself in the bushes. Herring saw him, and struck him with a hickory stick. Mathis ran to the house and procuring an ax, returned and attacked Herring. He struck him three blows, and at the third blow Herring fell dead. The negro then threw the body down an old well, where it was subsequently found.

## TIRED OF THE STRUGGLE

With Adversity, a Young English Lawyer Blows His Brains Out—Unsatisfied Ambition and a Hopeless Future Too Much for Him.

About half-past 9 o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst. persons in the University Building, at the corner of East Washington square and Waverly place, were startled by the report of a pistol which rang through the gloomy old pile. Shortly after, a washerwoman, named Annie Leahy, entered the room of Mr. C. C. Morell, with some clothes, and was frightened at seeing a man lying on the lounge, with blood trickling from a bullet-hole in his head. She gave the alarm, and the police were quickly on hand. It was ascertained by them that the deceased was Mr. Henry A. Holland, a young lawyer, twenty-eight years old, and an Englishman. He was a graduate of Oxford, and the son of a clergyman residing near Bath, England. His law office was at 106 Broadway, in the same suite with his friend, Mr. E. H. Moran. Both gentlemen lived in Harlem, but Sunday Mr. Holland spent in the company of Mr. Morell.

On that morning both gentlemen rose at 7, and chatted pleasantly over the day's programme. Mr. Holland remarking that in the evening they both had an engagement. Mr. Morell, who is a clerk in a leather house in the swamp, left for his place of business about quarter past 9, and Mr. Holland lay down on the lounge. He must have

## SHOT HIMSELF

within five minutes after his friend's departure. A Smith and Wesson revolver lay on the floor, and on the centre table the following letter was found:

"UNIVERSITY BUILDING, Jan. 12, 1890.

"I wish to say that I am perfectly sane; that I simply end my life because I have arrived at a point when it appears to me not to be worth while to struggle any longer. I have no money. Two notes, one made by me, and indorsed by Louis G. Grant, now overdue, and one made by Louis G. Grant and indorsed by me, and due February 1, are my only liabilities (each being for \$150), except \$22, which I owe Samuel A. Purdy, Jr. To meet them I leave as assets \$150, due me for professional services rendered the estate of Abraham Morell, deceased, and my bill for which is in the hands of Mr. Middleton, engaged in Wall street. It was a harmless deception, made without intent to defraud any one, but I never bought or sold a share of stock in America. So much for my worldly affairs—that is, so far as America is concerned. Next in order is my burial. I should like to be cremated, only I don't wish to put my family and friends to more expense than I can help; and it really does not seem much matter what becomes of my body when I have left it. I am sure that a very small sum will put it somewhere out of the way, and my father would certainly repay to whomsoever may be kind enough to advance it, and that disposes of all my business as far as I can dispose of it, for my English affairs would take so many years to liquidate that I cannot wait to do it. I leave them as they are.

"One of my sisters is the worst loser by my death, and has for the last month been the only reason for my living on, in the hope of seeing an opening ahead, but I

## CAN'T PROTRACT THE STRUGGLE ANY LONGER.

"I do not wish to give the reason which is really the moving cause of my action. I will simply state generally that the attainment of my object in life is impossible. That without it life is less than worthless to me, and so, you see, I end it. I never told any one or even hinted to any one what I want. It would do no good. Let us say it is riches, which is so far true that riches might help me to get it if I had them. I wish now, in saying goodbye to the world, to thank all my friends in America for the invaluable kindness I have met here, especially to the good and kind family I have lived with for more than five years. I beg them to believe that one of my kindest griefs now is leaving them. As for the friend in whose room I die, I can only say that his friendship is so true and good, so thoroughly trusty, that I know he will forgive me for this morning's work and not bear an unkind feeling against me for it.

"It now only remains for me to say that I should like my father to be assured in his mind, and indeed, all my relations and friends to know, that I die trusting the great unknown future entirely into the hands of Him who alone can control it, if it be controllable; that if I thought it to be against His laws for me to end my life I would not do it; that my faith in His power and goodness is absolute, and that I put myself in His hands with as much confidence as I would fall asleep in the arms of my best friend. Finally I do hope that no one will think me mad. If I have not assigned a sufficient cause for what I do, it is because I cannot lay bare to the world what is the unattained good I have hinted at without causing needless pain to myself and my friends, and so far as the public is concerned, they need only know the fact that I have shot myself, and they will forget in a fortnight, perhaps less.

"I have said my last say.

H. A. HOLLAND."

On the back of the last page were the words, "My last writing."

BEDFORD, Me., Jan. 12.—Yesterday afternoon Chas. Schaeffer and William Allen, two ten-year-old boys, got into a difficulty, in which the former stabbed the latter in the back with a pocket-knife, cutting quite an ugly gash.





BALBO'S LEVEE IN THE TOMBS.—GOTHAM'S GUSHING FAIR ONES SLOP OVER WITH SENTIMENT, AND SET UP A WIFE-MURDERER AS THEIR IDOL; VISIONS OF BEAUTY THAT ENLIVEN THE GLOOMY CORRIDORS OF MURDERERS' ROW.—SEE PAGE 6.



NEW YORK'S DEADLY DIVES.—THE EXCLUSIVE GREEN ROOM WHERE THE SECOND-HAND DIVINITIES OF SIXTH AVENUE MEET THEIR PARTICULAR FRIENDS IN THE SMALL HOURS—A DANCE THAT DEVELOPES INTO AN ORGIE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 15.]





PARIS IN NEW YORK.—THE SHAMELESS ANTICS AND CONTORTIONS INDULGED IN BY THE LIVELY DAMSELS OF LA BELLE FRANCE, AT THE CEROLE DE L'ORPHEON MASQUERADE BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—FREE CHAMPAGNE AND OFFENBACHIAN MUSIC PUTS LIFE AND METTLE IN FEMININE HEELS, THAT GYRATE IN AIR WITH WONDERFUL DEXTERITY; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.



## ADULTEROUS DROWN.

A Peddler of Sewing Machines and a Thief of Domestic Happiness and Virtue.

## SPIRITUAL AFFINITIES

That Led to a Burst-Up of Two Families and Very Unpleasant Complications in Two Households.

## GUSHING AMATORY EPISTLES.

SIoux CITY, Iowa, Jan. 10.—N. P. Drown and Mrs. E. H. Ross were brought before the court to-day to answer a charge of adultery preferred by the wife and husband of the accused. The story of the intimacy of the parties involved, as told by Mrs. Drown, is an interesting and instructive one. Mr. Drown, it seems, was a sewing machine agent in good and regular standing at Marengo three years ago. As a husband he was a success, except that he had a bad habit of boring his friends with his views of spiritualism and such like unorthodox theories. But three years ago he sold a sewing machine to the Ross family, and just about that time the trouble commenced. First, to get the machine in good running order, and after that to talk spiritualism.

### NUMEROUS VISITS WERE MADE.

This was about November, 1877, and by that time the seller of the machine and the woman for whom it was bought had mutually discovered that each was the affinity of the other, and their subsequent conduct was governed by this theory. It was after this theory, with all the name implies, had been adopted that Drown saw Ross one evening at the store in Ladora, near which place the Ross farm was located. Mr. Ross had gone down to the store to buy his boy a pair of boots. Drown was in Ladora and seeing the husband and father in the store, rode out to the Ross farm, tied the horse to the fence and whistled for the lady. She answered his signal and came out to

### TALK WITH HER LOVER.

It was just then that Ross came from behind a grainary with a billet of wood. Mrs. Drown tells that her husband took up a piece of scantling, but it would seem that that did not save his head, for the infuriated husband knocked him down twice, and then chased him to his horse. When he returned home that night Drown accounted for the bad head he wore by telling that his horse had shied and ran under a tree, a limb of which tree had mutilated his scalp, as the family could see.

Mrs. Drown being a long suffering kind of a woman did not say much about the affinity which she knew was destroying the peace of her family until she found a letter under her husband's pillow. The following extracts will give an idea of the contents of this note:

"DEAREST FRIEND.—You will not think that I have forgotten you because I have not written before this time. I cannot find words to express with a pen all that I have and do suffer or how I miss you. Yet, in spite of all the sorrow that has come to me, I do not regret that we ever met. You know how often I have told you that all my life long there was an empty void in my heart—that I felt that I was waiting, ever yearning for something, and you well know whose image it was that first filled that void in my heart. Darling, that image rests there still, and there is no power on earth to take it from my heart. The

### DOOR IS FAST LOCKED

and no eye shall ever look upon the face that is cherished there with all the devotion of a true and loyal heart. I know and feel that your spirit presence is always with me, as I with you, which is all the same. Are you not glad now that you taught me this beautiful and consoling truth? Oh, my darling, do you ever regret now that we ever met, because sorrow and disappointment and disgrace meets us at every turn?" And so on, through eight closely written pages of note paper. The sorrow, etc., referred to was the affair of the putting of the head on Drown previously mentioned. Not long after, Drown left his family on the farm and went to live at Marengo. About the same time Mrs. Ross left home without her husband's knowledge and went first to Missouri and after that to Iowa City. She took with her her little daughter, some nine years old. When Drown left home he left on his desk a letter which he had written but never posted to his affinity. Some selections from this letter may illustrate the affair from his point of view.

### DROWN TO HIS DARLING AFFINITY.

"DEAR DARLING—I come to you this morning to talk with my love and impress you with my devotion. O, I hope I may reach you and leave the impression of my love in your heart. I read over your letters last eve, and as I am going to the farm I thought best to destroy most of them. But I found none that I wanted to give up. They were all fraught with precious words and thoughts; but I had to make the sacrifice. O, it seemed so cruel. I kept only the letters of yesterday, 23rd, and one half sheet of a week before. You wrote on the margin that I could keep these, and the words were too precious to burn. Birdie has so often asked me to burn them that I feel bound to do it for her sake, and I think it best for us both to do so, as if either of us should die they would come to light sure and annoy the others."

After this manner six sheets were filled. The epistle closes with these original lines:

"O, could you now sit by my side,  
These lonely vigils help me keep,  
And to my arms yourself confide,  
Love's harvest then at once would reap.  
'Tis ten o'clock. My friend, adieu;  
I seek the messenger of sleep;  
But still my thoughts shall be of you—  
In dreams your memory fresh I'll keep."

The whole letter breathes an enthusiasm and affection not to be expected in a sewing machine man fifty-five years old and wearing a grizzled beard.

### LIVING IN OPEN ADULTERY.

To avoid the interference of his family in the affinity business Drown sold his farm, and raising what money he could, left Marengo. He next appears in Sioux City sometime in November, 1878, in company with Mrs. Ross who passed as his wife. While here he ran the restaurant on Pearl street, now occupied by Dorman. Last June he closed out here and moved over to Covington where he officiated as a proprietor of a grocery store. Last August the little daughter of Mrs. Ross died at Covington of diphtheria, and the mother was dressed in deep mourning at the trial yesterday. She does not appear to be a woman calculated to seduce a man from such a buxom, well preserved woman as Mrs. Drown is, unless the man were an enthusiast on the subject of affinity. Her husband says that she has had a disagreeable habit of taking morphine for the past seven years. Some 30 summers have added to the bloom of her cheeks and her love for variety.

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## A SKELETON IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Horrible Secret that Mrs. Miller Carried for Eight Years.

PLYMOUTH, Pa., Jan. 10.—The particulars of another Luzerne county murder have been developed to-day, and the scene, like several within the last decade, is in Plymouth. In this newly-discovered murder the facts are herewith given as related by a Mrs. Hannah Miller, who at that time was the alleged paramour of one of the accused, named William Allenbaum. The other parties were Wesley Johnson and a man who goes by the soubriquet of "Big Yank." The former of the three was apprehended this morning, and is now in the county prison. The other two are believed to be in the coal regions of the Wyoming Valley.

From the statement of the woman, Mrs. Miller, it appears that one Charles Chamberlain married her daughter; that the daughter became ill, and through imbecility was a permanent charge upon his hands. At this time they were residing on the Plymouth Mountain, but one day he determined to move to the borough of Plymouth, which decision he immediately carried out. A few days later Chamberlain became aware of the alleged intimacy between Allenbaum and his mother-in-law, and he himself laid siege to the heart and affections of the

### BUXOM WIDOW.

During the prosecution of his suit he became enraged at the apparent advantage of his old acquaintance, Allenbaum, and divulged the secret of the death of William Keating, who was missed in May, 1872, and whose disappearance has never been accounted for until the confession of the woman Miller this morning. Keating was a very reputable young man and had high family connection. He worked at the Dobson Coal Mine, and at the time of his disappearance the shaft was flooded. The theory advanced at the time to account for his absence was that he had been murdered and thrown into the flooded mine. The wealthy relatives of the missing man obtained permission of the Wilkesbarre Coal and Iron Company to pump the water out of the mine, and thousands of dollars and months of time were spent pursuant to the resolution to give the corpse of the deceased a decent burial. But the search proved fruitless, and time has almost obliterated the memory of the event. Now Mrs. Miller opens her mouth, and to the inquiries why she has remained silent for eight years, says that she has been afraid of the men implicated, and she believes now that her life will be taken by them for telling the story. She says that she has suffered unutterable terror day and night with the secret, and that a voice has constantly been whispering in her ear, "Why don't you tell, why don't you tell?" and she

### COULD KEEP IT NO LONGER.

She says that Allenbaum and his companions had been to Farmer Gardner's barn and robbed him of numerous things, among which was a lot of harness; that they were returning with their plunder, when young Keating, who was coming from his day's work, met them. Keating was climbing over a fence, when Allenbaum raised a fence rail and struck him over the neck, producing instant death. One proposed burying him, another suggested that he be thrown into the Susquehanna River, but Allenbaum said, "Let's burn him." In a wood near by they found a pile of brush and logs, and on this they placed the body of young Keating and burned it. The mine lamp, dinner pail and shoes they took to the river, and after filling them with gravel, threw them into the stream. The woman is very emotional, and declares that but for fear her life would be the penalty she would divulge many more crimes of a felonious character which have been shrouded in mystery, and one of which is another deed of blood. All three of the alleged murderers were prosecuted and sent to State Prison for the larceny of the harness, and have but very recently been released.

## A Lucky Scamp.

[With Portrait.]

One of the most extensive series of embezzlements and forgeries was that perpetrated by Thomas R. Lewis while in the employ of B. T. Babbitt, the soap manufacturer. \$205,800 was the sum which this accomplished rogue succeeded in appropriating to his own use. Immediately upon the discovery of his crime he fled to London, where he was captured by Detective Golden, and after much difficulty, owing to the extradition laws, was brought back to this country and sentenced in 1878 to Sing Sing Prison. In some way he enlisted Governor Robinson's sympathy and was pardoned secretly in December last, and at once departed for parts unknown. Mr. Babbitt intended to re-arrest Lewis as soon as he had served his time, under a process of a judgment of \$206,000 recovered in a civil suit against him. On another page will be found a correct likeness of this lucky

## A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

"Charley" Parkhurst, the Renowned Stage-Driver of the Pacific Slope, Makes His Last Trip—The Startling Discovery Made on a Death-Bed.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Jan. 10.—Telegrams from Watsonville report a strange ending to an adventurous life, and a discovery which surpasses in its strangeness the wildest efforts of fiction writers. The stage-drivers of California have, by their intrepidity, sang froid and dare-devil recklessness, mingled with cool calculation, become historical characters. Hank Monk and Ben Foss are familiar personages to all who ever heard of or lived in the Golden State. A third worthy is to be added in the person of "Charley" Parkhurst, who, at his death, achieved a celebrity which, by its attendant strangeness and romance, places him first in the trio. To the miners of the pioneering days Parkhurst was known as a stage-driver of renown, whilst to us of later date he will henceforth be remembered as a personage who kept a secret all his life long unsuspected and intact, and only gave it up to a power which either buries it forever from sight or strips away all mystery and makes all plain.

Parkhurst drove stage between Stockton and Mariposa, and shot "Sugarfoot," the noted highwayman, while on that line. He afterward drove on the great stage route from Oakland to San Jose, and later, for a long time, he was

### "THE BOSS OF THE ROAD"

between San Juan and Santa Cruz, when San Francisco was reached by way of San Juan. But Parkhurst was of both an energetic and a thrifty nature, and when rapid improvements in the means of locomotion relegated coaches further out towards the frontiers, and made the driving of them less profitable, it was not sufficient for him that he was acknowledged as one of the three or four crack whips of the coast. He resolutely abandoned driving and went to farming. For fifteen years he prosecuted this calling, varying it in the winter time by working in the woods, where he was known as one of the most skillful and powerful of choppers and lumbermen.

In the course of time he rented out his station and went into the cattle-raising business on lands belonging to F. A. Hihn, of Santa Cruz. After raising quite a herd of cattle he sold out of that business, and being a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism, he sought a less laborious avocation, and went to raising chickens in the hills back of Aptos. In this last occupation he continued for some years, but finally yielded to his rheumatic troubles, sold his ranch to a Portuguese, deposited the proceeds, or a part of them, in the Bank of Watsonville, and retired from active life to live on the interest of his money. Near the Seven-Mile House, out of Watsonville, is a little cabin, and there, during the latter years of his life, Parkhurst has resided.

### THE LAST TALLY-RO.

Last Sunday "Charley" Parkhurst, the famous coachman, the fearless fighter, the industrious farmer and expert woodman, died of cancer on his tongue. He knew that death was approaching, but he did not relax the reticence of his later years other than to express a few wishes as to certain things to be done at his death. Then, when the hands of the kind friends who had ministered to the dying wants came to lay out the dead body of the adventurous argonaut, a discovery was made that was literally astounding. "Charley" Parkhurst was a woman, a perfectly formed, fully developed woman. It was no wonder that friends and associates who had known him intimately for a quarter of a century refused to accept the evidence of even their physical senses of the fact, and that it was only after the confirmation of all the physicians of the village, who were hastily summoned to view the body, that the fact could be realized. The discoveries of the successful concealment for protracted periods of the female sex under the disguise of the masculine are not infrequent, but the case of "Charley" Parkhurst may fairly claim to rank as, by all odds, the most astonishing of all of them.

## A Soldier's Ignominious Death.

HILLSVILLE, Va., Jan. 9.—To-day Gen. M. Webb was hung here for the murder of his father-in-law. A large crowd was in attendance, but there was no disorder. Webb had been in his life time such a desperado that the people in all this section of the country were afraid of him, and no one durst show anything like gratification at his fate. He did not sleep much last night, and was in a horrible state of mind. Yesterday he made a full confession of his crime.

Webb was convicted entirely on circumstantial evidence. His father-in-law was shot while planting a field, and the first thing that led to Webb's detection was the ball with which the man was murdered. It was of a peculiar oblong shape, and was after the pattern made in a mold known to belong to Webb. The next link was the discovery of the tree upon which the assassin had taken his best aim. It was shown that the gun, to have been fired from the position, must have been fired by a left-handed man.

Webb was left-handed. The third link was, the murderer had used a walking cane, and the print thereof in the ground was the same as Webb's stick. The shoe-tracks were the same size as those of Webb, and lastly, the tracks and stick prints were traced to Webb's house.

All this was circumstantial, and Webb might have got off by getting a commutation to the penitentiary; but a few days since, in consideration of the fact that it was the holiday season, his wife was allowed to give him some whisky, and he got gloriously drunk and told how he committed the murder, substantiating the circumstantial evidence in every respect, except so far as the ball was concerned. He said that was a damned good joke about that ball, for he had borrowed that ball from the old man, and had therefore killed him with his own ball. He described with horrible minuteness the way he killed the man. Yes-

terday Webb professed religion. He had nothing to say on the scaffold. At 1 o'clock the drop fell. He died by strangulation.

The offense for which General Webb (white) was hung to-day was the murder of John Granville, his father-in-law. The murder was committed near the house of the accused, in the county of Carroll, June, 1878. The object of General Webb in trying to get Granville out of the way was to get possession of a small sum of money the murdered man was known to carry on his person. For a long time the son-in-law and father-in-law had not been on good terms. When, however, the old man came into possession of a few hundred dollars by the sale of some land, Webb at once set to work to make up with him. He sent many friendly messages to the old man, who took no notice whatever of them. Webb sent him word that he desired to make friends with him, but still the old man took no notice of him. This went on for a week or two, and the old man resisted every overture. Finally one day the two men met in a bar-room, and became good friends. After this Webb visited his father-in-law frequently, and during these visits often made suggestions to Granville as to how he could best invest the small amount of cash. He told him to give it to him (Webb) and he would invest it in a paying way. To this proposition the old man would not listen.

Finally Webb determined to get hold of the money in another way. On the morning of the 20th of June, 1878, the dead body of Granville was found in a path a few hundred yards from his house with a rifle ball wound through his breast. Nothing on the person of the dead man had been disturbed save the right vest-pocket, in which he was known to have kept his money. This was empty. Webb was at once suspected, but it was some time before the evidence could be got strong enough to justify his arrest. The evidence, which was mainly circumstantial, connected him with the murder. He denied the crime, but made so many contradictory statements about it, and exhibited so much confusion, that his guilt was evident. He was about forty-eight years of age.

## BOGERT'S CROOKED WAYS.

The Treasurer of the Produce Exchange Trapped as a Defaulter, Takes Laudanum and Climbs Higher—or Otherwise.

The business community of this city was startled on the 9th inst. by the announcement that Benjamin C. Bogert, the treasurer of the Produce Exchange, was a defaulter to the Exchange in the sum of \$31,000, and had committed suicide. He had been its treasurer ever since it started, was considered sound financially and had excellent credit.

At Wednesday's meeting of the Finance Committee of the Exchange Mr. Bogert presented a statement of balances, showing a contingent fund on deposit in the Merchants' Exchange Bank of a little over \$31,500. Mr. Jacoby remarked that he had heard that the stock of the bank was selling in the market at 67, and in that case it might be advisable to transfer the funds to the Corn Exchange Bank. Mr. Bogert replied that the stock of the bank mentioned was worth 80, and that price was now offered for it. Mr. Jacoby thought that it would do no harm to transfer the funds of the Exchange, whereupon Mr. Bogert

### SUDDENLY TURNED PALE.

This was so perceptible as to be noticed by most of the members of the committee, and an evasive and confused reply from Bogert aroused their suspicions. They then concurred in expression of opinion with Mr. Jacoby, and thought the matter should be attended to at once.

Mr. Bogert said that it would look strange to have the funds suddenly transferred from the bank where they had always been deposited to another. The resolution was adopted, and Bogert said that he would come back and sign the necessary check taking out the money and went away. As he did not return, the committee made out a check for \$25,000 and presented it to the bank. To their astonishment, there was a credit of \$300 only, and not \$31,000, as shown by the bank-book. Bogert kept two sets of books, one of which he showed to the Exchange and the other he used with the bank. The bank got quick information of the defalcation through the committee, and as Bogert was their debtor to the extent of \$60,000, they got out an attachment on his property. They will probably lose little.

Bogert went from the Exchange to a drug store, where he purchased six ounces of laudanum. Then he went to a house in Twenty-second street, and, saying that he had no rest for two days, asked for a room in an upper story in which he could sleep. When found soon afterward the

### LAUDANUM BOTTLE

was empty and he was unconscious. He died soon afterward. Speculation is the cause of all this. He was badly caught in the late wheat corner, and lost much money thereby.

Mr. Bogert was born in Hoboken, and always lived in New Jersey. At present his family reside in a handsome place—Anderson and Main streets, Hackensack—to which he removed after his father had cut his throat at the Hoboken House in 1861. The father's act was caused by disappointment in real estate speculation, growing out of the rapid changes in values at the breaking out of the war, although he had lost nothing. The son had taken a prominent part in politics in recent years, and being personally popular and widely known, had always been successful. He was a strong democrat, and, living in the democratic county of Bergen, served one term as county treasurer. To an extended interest in politics, involving a considerable expenditure of money, some of his friends attribute his ruin. He took an active interest in the gubernatorial contest of 1877, and Governor McClellan, while in Hackensack, was his guest. He had been talked of for state comptroller, and had the democrats elected the legislature last winter, he would have been one of the strongest candidates for that office before the joint meeting.



**CRIME'S HIDEOUS RECORD.****A Mother Murders Her Child  
and Drops Its Body  
Into a Vault.****TRAMPS OUTRAGE A LADY.****Negro Fiends Waylay and Batter  
the Skull of George Hirth  
Into a Jelly.****TRUNKY'S UNLAWFUL ACT.****Resurrectionists Steal the Body of an  
Old Farmer and Strew the Re-  
mains Along the Highway.****INHUMAN CRUELTY TO A CHILD.****EUCHRES THE SHERIFF.**

DOYLESTOWN, Penn., Jan. 12.—Jos. Halfner was committed to jail, Sunday evening, on the charge of murdering Jacob Gerber. He was found dead this morning, having cut his throat.

**WILL NOT BE WITH US LONG.**

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 10.—John Hall and Burrell Smith, colored, were to-day sentenced by the supreme court to be hanged at Murfreesboro, February 20th, for the murder of Major Pugh at that place on the 16th of May last.

**A DOG-ONED QUARREL.**

PLAINFIELD, Ind., Jan. 12.—During a fight between William Milliken and Henry Crone about a dog, at Belleville yesterday, Edward Milliken, a young man, defended his father by stabbing Crone in the back. The wound is pronounced fatal. Edward has disappeared.

**LYNCHERS CAGED.**

LIVINGSTON, Tex., Jan. 11.—Morgan Rye, Sr., Morgan Rye, Jr., Randolph Field and William Owens, citizens of Liberty county, who, two years ago, lynched and hung in this county two alleged horse thieves, Sam Black and Finley, have been sentenced for life.

**BOB STABS MIKE.**

SHOALS, Ind., Jan. 10.—Robert Reeves and Michael Kelly, brothers-in-law, living about seven miles east of this place, got into a difficulty yesterday evening, when Reeves cut Kelly with a knife in several places. His wounds are not regarded as fatal. Reeves has been arrested and awaits examination.

**DECORATING A TREE.**

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 13.—At Bealeville, Montgomery county, a negro named George Peck attempted to outrage Miss Ida Hayes, daughter of a well-known citizen of the town. He was arrested and placed in jail. An excited crowd gathered around the jail and succeeded in obtaining the prisoner, whom they hung to a tree in front of the Presbyterian Church until he was dead.

**PAID HIS LANDLORD.**

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 10.—Mail advices from New Madrid, in the extreme southeastern part of the state, say that Martin Paquette, a former tenant of the Hon. James S. Barnes, shot and killed the latter last Sunday, putting a load of slugs from a shot-gun into his left breast. Paquette was arrested. The affair grew out of a disagreement while settling their landlord and tenant accounts.

**ARRESTED FOR ABORTION.**

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Jan. 10.—Sheriff Hunt, of Platte county, Mo., arrested Dr. H. J. Bennett in this city to-day, and took him to Platte City upon a requisition. Bennett is charged with having produced an abortion, several months ago, upon Mrs. Elizabeth Timberlake, a lady about forty years of age, living near Waldron, Mo., who has a large family, and has hitherto borne an excellent reputation. Dr. Bennett claims that the charge is the result of the malice of other physicians.

**FREE TO LECTURE.**

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—Miss Helen J. Ward, charged with the murder of her mother, in Hamilton place, appeared before Judge Parmenter this morning, when District Attorney Stevens stated that the inquest had resulted in showing that the relations between mother and daughter had always been of the most pleasant nature. He said there seemed to be no reason why the prosecution should be continued, notwithstanding the circumstances surrounding it were peculiar. He therefore entered a *nolle prosequi*, and Miss Ward was discharged from custody. The young lady was very much affected by the result.

**DEVILISH CRUELTY.**

MASON CITY, Iowa, Jan. 11.—A few weeks ago Mr. Gillette, living near Clear Lake, adopted into his family a poor orphan boy, seven years old, named Zeaman McEwen. During the late severe cold weather this man and his wife compelled the little fellow to work out in the cold without proper clothing, beating and half starving the child, whipping him for eating food thrown out to the dogs, and putting filth which cannot be named into his mouth. The child's feet are sloughing off and must be amputated. The fiend has all his property attached for the damages, and he and his wife lie in Mason City Jail for trial.

**STABBED BY HER LOVER.**

CINCINNATI, Jan. 12.—Last evening quite a number

of young persons assembled to pass the evening in the kitchen of Frenchman's saloon, corner Clarkson street and Central avenue. Among them were Miss Katie Rupert, a servant in the house, and a youth who is keeping her company named August Trimble. About 11 o'clock Trimble became jealous about something done by his girl, and, pulling out a pen-knife, stabbed her in the breast and ran. Dr. Richardson was called on and dressed the wound, which though painful, is not dangerous. Trimble escaped, and Miss Rupert refuses to take any steps toward prosecuting him for the act.

**DE BOER TO BE TRIED FOR MURDER.**

PONTIAC, Ill., Jan. 10.—The circuit court has been in session all this week. Platt Matheny was found guilty of horse stealing, but in consideration of his youth and his first offense was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the county jail. The case of Johannes De Boer, of Woodford county, for the murder of a girl in Minonk, will probably be tried next week. De Boer has put in a plea of guilty, but the court will hear the evidence in the case. Some fears are entertained that if the sentence is only imprisonment for life the friends of the girl will mob him before he reaches Joliet. Franklin Mitchell, indicted for murder, will also be tried at this term of court.

**PLUNDERED BY BURGLARS.**

PLANO, Ill., Jan. 11.—Last night a most daring and successful burglary occurred here. H. J. Bird, a jeweler, awakening this morning, found his parlor window open, and, upon investigation, discovered that the house had been burglarized. Four hundred dollars in cash, an ulster, a vest, a pair of pants, and a watch and chain were taken. The burglars had tried four windows, and at the last one had broken a blind, pried up the window, and entered. They went into his chamber and took his pants and vest, containing the money, but left an assortment of jewelry which lay in an open bureau drawer. They also took a suit of clothes belonging to Mr. Bird's little son. The job was undoubtedly done by experts.

**HORATIO'S BROTHER.**

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 12.—A. B. Seymour, claiming to be a brother of Hon. Horatio Seymour, was arrested to-day by Moses M. Marks, charging him with obtaining money under false pretences. Seymour came to Cincinnati last summer from New York, where he had been engaged building the Bergen tunnel, opposite Jersey city. He interested Marks and several other money men of Cincinnati in a wrought-iron horse-shoe, of which he claimed he held the patent. He sold them all an interest, receiving about \$4,500 in money and notes, after which a joint stock company was formed and a charter obtained in Kentucky. Marks now says that he has learned from Washington that Seymour has no interest in the patent. To-night Seymour told your correspondent he would be able to prove his title to the patent.

**RAPING A DOMESTIC.**

GENEVA, O., Jan. 10.—This community has been stirred to the center by the disclosure of the disgusting details of a rape case, the parties to which are A. J. Trunkay, a young attorney, and J. Pierce, who has been an employee in Trunkay's father's house as a domestic. The complainant makes affidavit that Trunkay did, on the 29th day of December, beat, wound and ill treat her, the said Alta J. Pierce, violently by force and against her will, then and there unlawfully and feloniously to ravish. It appears that Trunkay and his friends have since the commission of the act made every effort to hush the matter up, as he is possessed of considerable means, while she is a poor girl. The efforts had been unsuccessful up to yesterday morning, when he was quietly arrested and the matter brought into court. Trunkay is a married man. His case has been continued until next Tuesday on account of the absence of several witnesses.

**TEXAS HIGHWAYMEN.**

WACO, Tex., Jan. 10.—Three highwaymen have been extensively depreying west of here. They encountered a citizen named Guillen at the crossing of the South Bosque River. They were on horseback, well armed, and one asked Guillen which way he was traveling. He then drew a pistol and made him hold up his hands while the others went through his pockets. "Old fellow," said one of the robbers after the trio had gotten their booty safe in hand, "We had just as leave rob any other man as you, but we are bound to have pocket money, you know." The same day they robbed some wagons and went to a store on South Basque, and after eating sardines and oysters, pulled their pistols and robbed the store of all the money in it. The same night they committed seven other robberies. Next day the robbers appeared in Bell county, and drawing pistols on George P. Harris, robbed him of over \$1,000.

**FROG-EATING SWINDLERS.**

PEORIA, Ill., Jan. 11.—About a week ago two Frenchmen came to this city and put up at a cheap boarding house. They became intimate with an old Frenchman named Michel Vonc, who keeps a saloon, hanging around his place, spending money and occasionally showing some gold pieces. Friday afternoon they called at Vonc's saloon, having a small box, and told the old man that they were going into business and had nothing but gold, which they hated to part with. They said the box contained gold, and again exhibited some to the old man. They wanted to borrow \$500 in greenbacks (the old man's entire pile) and leave the box as security. The old man let them have the money and they left. Before retiring, Vonc's wife urged him to open the box and see if there was gold in it. They pried it open and found a brick. The old man tried to find the men, but they had fled. The telegraph was called into requisition, and the parties captured in Decatur and the money found on them.

**JEALOUSY AND BLOOD.**

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 11.—Robert Jerolman, a mechanic, entered the house of Melvin D. Curtis, a grocer, this morning and shot him, the ball penetrating two inches on the left side of the naval. Curtis' family was absent at church, and no one but the two men were present. Jerolman gave himself up at

once. He appears deranged, and it is claimed that Curtis won from him the affections of his wife and induced her to abandon him. The prisoner is said to have previously offered to forgive his wife if she would discourage Curtis, but she refused to do so. Her refusal preyed upon his mind, and he has been in the habit of repeating expressions apparently wholly irrelevant in a crazed manner to the mystification of his friends, who could not imagine their meaning. Both are married men, Jerolman having one child. Curtis' wound is probably fatal. He claims that Jerolman came to him for purposes of blackmailing, and had been to him on similar errands before.

**A BATTERED HEAD.**

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Jan. 10.—Intelligence is received of the murder last evening, at the farm of ex-Sheriff Payne, in Senegal township, Rock Island county, Ill. John C. Keyser and John W. Palmer, painter, formerly residents of Pennsylvania, had become involved in a quarrel respecting their claims to the hand of a young lady. While taking supper at the house of their employer, Tuesday evening, without any warning, Keyser seized a hammer and began pounding Palmer over the head, fracturing the skull in several places and producing fatal injuries. The murderer has been lodged in Rock Island jail.

**A FATHER KILLS HIS SON.**

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 12.—This little place is in a wild state of excitement to-night, over a fatal and singular shooting affair which occurred here this morning. It seems that Oliver C. Ross, the son of a wealthy merchant here, has a long time been in love with a young lady who is pretty and attractive, but not rich, and who did not move in the same circles in which young Ross did. The father had repeatedly forbidden his son to visit Miss Estella Cavinsal, and the young man promised that he would not. Subsequent events, however, showed that he was deceiving his father. Yesterday was his twenty-first birthday, and soon after eating dinner he met Miss Cavinsal and both went off quietly and were married. This morning the young groom went to his father and told him all about it. Major Ross immediately went into his library, and returning with a pistol, shot his son through the breast, inflicting what is believed to be a mortal wound. The father has left the place.

**OUTRAGE BY TRAMPS.**

WILKESBARRE, Jan. 13.—One of the most diabolical outrages that can be perpetrated upon the person of a woman was committed at Pittston, a Miss Hopkins, a lady of about eighteen years of age, being the victim. Two tramps, one an old man of perhaps fifty years of age, and the other of youthful appearance, entered the house where Miss Hopkins was alone, engaged in her usual household duties. They asked for something to eat, and being alarmed at their presence and fearful of violence should she refuse their demand, she set to work to comply. Her comely appearance and charming physique aroused the passions of the brutes, and she says that while her back was turned to them one of the scoundrels grasped her and pinioned her arms, while the other covered her mouth and smothered her cries. Having bound her hands, they then gagged her and threw her upon the floor. She became unconscious, and is scarcely able to give any description of her worst than murderers.

**A FARMER ASSASSINATED.**

COLUMBUS, Texas, Jan. 11.—This community, where the town chief of police recently deliberately shot and killed a prominent citizen, has again been shocked by another horrible assassination. A little after daylight a young man named John Johnson, with a team and load of wood, left his home, six miles west of Columbus, and started for town. After sunrise his team was found alone in the road about one mile from his home. Suspicion being aroused, search was made for Johnson, and his body was found 300 yards from the road, with one bullet-hole in the arm and two in the back. His face was cut and powder-blackened. Tracks and other evidences showed that Johnson had been waylaid by two men, who had fired and hit him in the arm, when he ran. An empty revolver was found near the spot. Johnson leaves a wife and child about ten years of age. Johnson was accused of the murder of David Quick, but was discharged for want of evidence. It is supposed that some of Quick's friends killed Johnson.

**SMART THIEVES.**

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13.—The police believe they have secured, in the persons of John Williams and George Brinton, alias Hickey, the latter said to be a recently released convict, the thieves who broke into Schrack & Co.'s paint store, 182 North Fourth street, on December 16, and stole \$15 and \$4 worth of postage stamps; the robbery of \$68 from A. R. Underdown's store, 134 Market street, on December 27, and the burglary at John Lucas & Sons' paint store, 143 North Fourth street, on Tuesday night last. In that case one of the policemen, in climbing a ladder to get into the second-story window, fell and cut his hand. While he was away getting his injuries doctored the marauders returned and affixed a sarcastic note to the front door, saying they had witnessed the mishap and regretted that the policeman had not broken his neck. Williams and Brinton were arrested at a lodging house, 624 Race street, on Saturday, and were given a hearing yesterday. Peter Magee testified that Brinton confessed to him his complicity in the Lucas affair and showed him the note. Testimony was also presented connecting the two men with the Schrack and Underdown robberies. They were committed for immediate appearance before the grand jury.

**GRAVE DESPOILING FIENDS.**

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 10.—The people of Logan county, O., are greatly excited over a case of grave robbery. A few days ago the body of Theodore Jones was buried on the farm of William Calland, one mile from Spring Hills. While tending his sheep Mr. Calland discovered that the grave had been disturbed, the next morning a party of citizens, on examining the spot, found that a hole had been dug at the head of the grave, the coffin smashed in, a hook inserted in

the jaw, and the body drawn from its resting place. The clothes were then taken off and replaced in the grave, which was not filled up, after which the body was dragged over the rough ground a distance of half a mile to the road. All along the way pieces of flesh were found sticking to corn-stubs and fences, showing plainly where the body had been dragged through the mud. Two vehicles had been hitched to the fence, from which places the tracks diverged, one going toward Spring Hills and the other toward Urbana. The neighbors are horrified. Amos Hunter has offered a reward of \$500, and another gentleman one of \$200. The carriage used for the purpose was hired at a West Liberty livery stable. One of the men who engaged it has been identified as a medical student from that place, who is attending the Columbus Medical College.

**BLACK MATRICIDE.**

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Jan. 12.—A case of attempted infanticide happened in this city, last week, the details of which have been kept a close secret by the police, for important reasons, until to-day. That it was not successful is only owing to the excessive vitality of the boy—a fine, healthy mulatto. It seems that the colored servant girl of the family of Lewis A. Horton was delivered of a boy, which she immediately proceeded to dispose of by throwing into a vault in the back yard. Shortly afterward, the lady of the house, on entering her kitchen, perceived that something unusual had occurred, and questioned the servant-girl, who replied, in an evasive way, that "Two cats had been in there fighting." She was interrupted, however, by a little boy, who added: "And I saw Maria carry one of the cats out by the legs." Suspecting the state of affairs, the lady hurried out, and saw lying on the frozen soil, at the bottom of the vault, the body of a child. Sending to the police station, Marshal De Rochemont with Medical Examiner Snow hurried to the house. By tearing a board off the building, the marshal procured the naked body of the infant, which had then been lying on the ice nearly two hours. The physician said it certainly must be dead, but the marshal thought he perceived respiration, and, after half an hour's labor, the child was crying lustily. The mother is a mulatto, sixteen years of age, Maria Waters by name, and belonging in Philadelphia, where she says the father of the child lives. She did not seem to think she had done anything wrong, and said she threw her infant where she did in order to keep it from the children of the family.

**BRUTAL MURDER.**

WASHINGTON, Pa., Jan. 11.—Babe Bedford, Sandy Pin, Edward Quinan and Samuel Johnson, all colored, are under arrest here, charged with the murder, last Wednesday evening, of George F. Hirth, who was waylaid and brutally murdered by having his head horribly crushed by blows from heavy clubs or stones. Johnson has made a confession, which the police are trying to keep secret. It is understood to be substantially as follows: When walking near the place where the murder occurred, he met Bedford, Pin, and Quinan, who invited him to join them to serenade some colored damsel. As they walked along the street Bedford picked up a large stone. Presently young Hirth came along, and when within reach Bedford struck at Hirth, who jumped aside, saying, "Babe, you don't mean to kill me, do you?" To which Bedford replied, "God damn you, I've got you now, and I am going to get even with you." At that instant Quinan struck and knocked Hirth down, and Johnson professes to have run away. This is unlikely, for the reason that he had a ring which belonged to Hirth, which he gave to a woman in the classic precincts of "Hell's Bottom," which fact led to his arrest. This and other circumstances are regarded as sufficiently strong clues to enable the police to fix the guilt of all the parties. Babe Bedford, who is said to have struck the first blow, had an old grudge against Hirth for having, it is stated, caused Bedford's conviction and sentence to a term in the Albany penitentiary for stealing, and Bedford had sworn to be revenged. The funeral to-day of young Hirth was one of the largest seen here for some years.

**COLD-BLOODED MURDER.**

EUREKA, Cal., Jan. 10.—Over in Pahranget valley, about thirty miles from Hiko, and near its mouth where it debouches into the muddy desert, a man named Fred Walborn has lived for the past ten years, engaged in stock-raising. A quiet, resolute man without family, and a great portion of the time entirely alone, he enjoyed the somewhat particular reputation (for that section) of attending strictly to his own business and leaving his neighbors to do the same. Yet, notwithstanding his reputation for quietness, honesty, etc., he seems to have had some enemies in the valley, having had a few difficulties in past years. Five or six days since, Indians coming over from the valley brought unintelligible reports of Walborn having been murdered, and last evening Mr. Jewell, one of our citizens, arriving from there, brought the particulars as far as known. A vaquero—one of those loose, reckless characters that no one knows or wishes to know much about—having been at work for Walborn, came to Hiko, and while on a spree and under the influence of the peculiar liquid dispensed in that delectable burg, dropped dark and mysterious hints in connection with Mr. Walborn's name. The citizens of Hiko alarmed and placed him under guard, and a party of ten or twelve men rode down to Walborn's ranch to look for the missing man. After a thorough search his body was found in an old well, covered with stones, with two shots through the head. "Frank," the vaquero, upon hearing that the body had been found, made a confession, in which he admitted that he, in connection with George McLane (a young man of the valley, between whom and Walborn a feud had existed for the past two or three years), committed the crime, whether for money, cattle or revenge is not known. McLane was immediately arrested by Deputy Sheriff Moore, brought to Hiko and, with "Frank," placed in irons. At the time Mr. Jewell left, Hiko was full of excited men, and it looked as though both might be lynched.



## WINE-ROOM SYRENS.

## How Greenhorns are Fleeced by Western Sharpers—The "Empty Bottle Racket."

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 10.—A new racket on the "guys" has come to light in this city, which takes the premium as the most barefaced game ever played by rogues on unsuspecting victims. As an exhibition unblushing cheek it surpasses anything in the line of rackets, and is so simple that the dullest can work it as successfully as the sharpest. The racket is brought before the public by a robbery which took place Wednesday night at the Olympic Theatre, a variety dive in West Kansas, where the legitimate drama is prostituted to the wine-room, a place in which those of the audience coming under the description of "greenhorns" meet and drink with the poor actresses who eke out scanty wages by displaying their equally scanty charms to the maudlin gaze of the victims. The man who was victimized is J. O. Robertson, a nice-appearing elderly man on his way to Texas from the west. He put up at a hotel in West Kansas on his arrival, and at night visited the Olympic. His genteel appearance attracted attention, and he was

## CAPPED INTO THE WINE-ROOM.

He had been drinking before entering the theatre, and was easily induced to treat the crowd to a bottle of wine, upon which the premium racket was attempted upon him. The manner in which this swindle is worked merits description for future arrivals to peruse with profit.

A man in the audience is selected who, from his dress or actions, is supposed to have money. A capper is sent out and inveigles the victim into the wine-room. He is induced to buy a bottle of wine, and finally becomes drunk after purchasing one or two bottles. On calling for his bill he is presented with one which is about four times as large as it should be. The victim naturally exhibits some surprise at a bill of \$20, when he is as confident as a drunken man can be that he has not drunk more than two bottles. In the midst of his perplexity he is shown a number of empty bottles, perhaps a dozen, and is told that there are the proofs of his purchase. The bewildered drunkard is then ordered to pay under penalty of being bounced, and in a majority of cases submits to the imposition, believing that he has actually got away with the liquor. This is called the

## "EMPTY BOTTLE RACKET,"

and is the same as was played on Robertson. The bottles were shown to him and \$20 demanded. He paid \$15, but instead of being satisfied with the profits, two men connected with the establishment choked him and took his fine gold watch and chain, worth \$175, after which they turned it over to a man named Frank Anderson in consideration of a loan of \$5.

Anderson was arrested in a saloon about an hour afterwards, and had the watch in his pocket. Robertson had to leave for Texas and could not stay to prosecute, but as Anderson had a pistol on his person when arrested, Recorder Finney fined him \$50 and sent him up. His friends endeavored to obtain a pardon for him, but were unsuccessful. It is understood that Anderson has hitherto borne a good character, but he certainly was connected with a crime which looks very bad.

## An Effervescent Beer Keg.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Rudolph Weber is the proprietor of a little beer saloon on St. Ann's avenue, this city. He prides himself on his dexterity as a tapster, having been engaged in dealing out German "courage" for many years. On Monday last he proceeded in the most approved fashion, with mallet and faucet, to tap the first keg in the day's business, when at the second scien-



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—PATTI ROSA, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ACTRESS, FORMERLY OF SAN FRANCISCO THEATERS.—SEE PAGE 2.

tific rap of his mallet, it exploded. He was drenched in the foaming tippie, and, moreover, was so severely burned by its poisonous chemicals that the police took him home and sent for the doctors. The brewer of this very lively drink does not seem eager to make himself known.

## Murphy Was Alive!

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a merry little afterpiece at the London Concert Hall at the close of the matinee on Monday—an afterpiece in the pugilistic way most likely to please the habitués of the place. On the afternoon in question the song and dance men, Murphy and Mack, were down on the bills to finish off the performance with their "funny business." In one of the stage boxes was a blooming party, consisting of two very loud young women and two young men, all evidently under the influence of the potent fire-water of the locality.

These people were very loud in their expressions of approbation and disapproval during the performance, but it was not until Murphy and Mack came on for their act that the climax of their critical remarks was reached.

When Mr. Murphy stepped forward to sing his verse of the comic song, one of the young ladies suggested that he had better "Let up on the warble," the other asked: "Who is that John there?" and the young men put in various questions, such as "Is it alive?" "When do they feed it?" "What is it stuffed with?" "Who dug it up?" and much more to the same effect.

Mr. Murphy, who felt that his Irish was getting up, paused when the music began to play the "break," and addressed his sarcastic critics in the box:

"Look-a-here you fellers. The manager of this here show requests you to conduct yourselves like ladies and gentlemen, and not to interfere with the artists."

"He's an artist," interpolated one of the merry damsels, and the other three shrieked with delight.

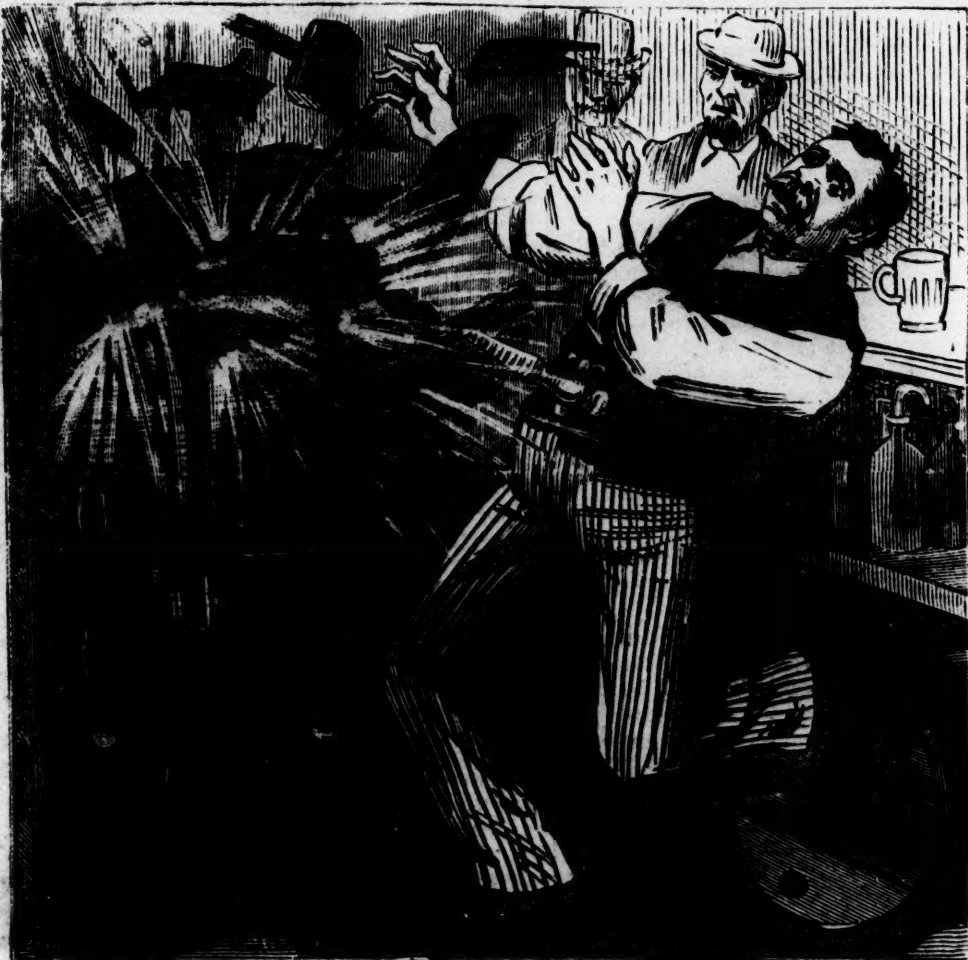
Murphy rejoined: "Yes, we're artists, and as the question has been asked, 'Is it alive?' I want it distinctly understood that it is alive and kicking, as some of you will find out if you'll wait till the show is over."

What retort was made it was impossible to catch, but it was sufficient to make the distinguished artist, Mr. Murphy, forget the requirements of his art, for he thereupon sprang into the box and "went for" those critical young men. Immediately the whole party, women as well as men, set upon the heroic representative of the Murphy family. His partner came to his aid, so did the ushers, and a general fight raged until the street was reached. A crowd of over two hundred people gathered in the Bowery in front of the dive, and a riot seemed imminent.

After the effects of the fighting whiskey had been worked off, however, the combatants separated, and ended the affair with a conciliatory drink all around. The police came around the corner after all was over and clubbed away the small boys who were loitering in the vicinity to gratify their curiosity.

## What a Pretty Foot Did.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 8.—In the supreme court today Judge Moncure delivered the opinion of the court in the famous Poindexter case, in which the decision of the lower court was affirmed, which sentenced J. E. Poindexter to the Penitentiary for two years. Poindexter murdered Charles C. Curtis, a clerk in a shoe-store here, for saying that Miss Isabella Cottrell, the affianced of Poindexter, had a pretty little shoe, and it took a pretty little foot to fit it. The murder was committed two years ago, and has been in the courts ever since.



AN EFFERVESCENT BEER KEG—MEIN GOT IN HEIMMEL!—GERMAN "COURAGE" BURSTS ITS HOOPED CONFINES, AND DRENCHES RUDOLPH WEBER IN A SHOWER OF LIQUID FIRE, NARROWLY MISSING A SUBJECT FOR A DUTCH FUNERAL; NEW YORK CITY.



MRS. LINCOLN'S POKER HAND—ANNOYED BY THE IMPORTUNITIES OF A LECHEROUS SKINFLINT, MRS. LINCOLN PLAYS HER HAND, WITH A RED-HOT POKER AS TRUMP, AND VINDICATES HER HONOR BY A LARGE MAJORITY; WASHINGTON, PA.—SEE PAGE 5.



## A Warm Reception.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 8.—For several weeks past the festive burglar has been fulfilling his mission at the pleasant little suburb of Winton Place by taking a nightly inventory of the household goods, pocket books and jewelry of nearly every residence. He has defied bars and bolts, locks and window fastenings. He has laughed at the traps set to ensnare him, and ridiculed the courage of a people who would submit to his dark-lantern inspections. He has twice surveyed the interior of the residence of Dr. J. M. Walden, of the Methodist Book Concern, and carried off sundry valuables. Architect Sam Hannaford's residence has also been attractive to the midnight marauder, and several times invaded. Not two weeks ago Mr. T. D.



W. T. HANLEY, MURDERER OF M. K. SHIVELY:  
NOW AT LARGE; \$200 REWARD FOR HIS  
CAPTURE.

Lovett's home was entered and relieved of about a hundred dollars in money, two gold watches and other valuables.

So reckless and daring had he or they (for there are believed to be two or three members of the gang) become that there is now scarcely a lady in Winton Place who has not schooled herself or been schooled in the handy use of a revolver. Somehow or other, however, the guns never got a chance to go off at the intruders, and the work of burglarizing seemed destined to go on until there was nothing left to burglarize. Last night, however, these midnight raids received a check at the hands of Judge Fred Moore. They got into his house through the window, and commenced operations.

Judge Moore and his family were quietly sleeping on the second floor of the house. The room first entered by the burglars communicates with the rest of the house only through the hall, where the stairs are



A WARM RECEPTION—JUDGE MOORE IS AROUSED FROM THE CONNUBIAL COUCH BY A BURGLARIOUS VISITOR, TO WHOM HE DEALS OUT JUSTICE WITH COMMENDABLE JUDICIAL DESPATCH; CINCINNATI, O.

located. The door leading into this hall was locked from the hall side, but the slit into which the bolt of the lock fitted was on the burglars' side. This they pried off. The door stuck a little in the jam,

and when, after a little pulling, it came open, there was a slight concussion. The air in the hall expanded and caused the door to Judge Moore's room upstairs to swing a trifle. Ordinarily such an event

would not have been noticed even by a person wide awake. The experience of the last few weeks, which has taught the people of Winton Place to sleep on their arms, had also put Judge Moore on the alert.

"I believe the door leading into the front room just opened," remarked the Judge to his wife, and saying which he crept out of bed, tip-toed into the hall and leaned over the banister just in time to see a small man, clad in black, with gum shoes on, gliding as noiselessly as a cat, and very rapidly, around the hall, examining by the aid of a dark lantern the various doors. The opportunity of a splendid target was good, but the Judge had neglected to take from under his pillow his revolver when he started for the hall. Back he went for his trusty weapon, and when on his return to the hall he again leaned over the banister, it was just in time to see the masked man



M. K. SHIVELY, MURDERED WHILE ATTENDING  
A CHRISTMAS NIGHT BALL, BY W. T.  
HANLEY; CHAMBERSBURG, O.

rise up on the stairs and almost into his very face. Quicker than the subsequent flash of his revolver, the hammer of the weapon, a thirty-two caliber, was pulled back and the charge went straight into the head of the invader. He tumbled, landed at the foot of the stairs, made a lounge for the door, fell prostrate across the threshold, when his light was extinguished and the opportunity for another shot from the Judge gone. In a much briefer time than it requires to tell it, the wounded burglar was received in the room first entered by his pal or pals, who had evidently been awaiting the result of his survey, and he was thence hustled through the window. As quickly as a light could be procured the Judge descended the stairs, followed by Mrs. Moore, who was also armed, and who has become a skillful handler of the revolver, but the birds had flown. It is not known whether the wound inflicted by the Judge's bullet was fatal.



MURPHY WAS ALIVE!—A BELLIGERENT JIG DANCER IN THE LONDON VARIETY THEATRE, OFFENDED AT THE CRITICISMS OF A JOLLY PARTY ON HIS STYLE AND FIGURE, CHASTISES THE CRITICS AND KICKS UP A ROW IN WHICH UMBRELLAS WIELDED BY FAIR HANDS ARE SMASHED REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 12.



## MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.

## ALONG THE WHARVES.

The Strange Sights Incident to a Midnight Ramble.

## HARBOR PIRATES AND LAND SHARKS.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

Along the river front to-night! How black and forbidding the water seems, and what a gloomy, sullen plash it has as it swirls by the end of the wharf and gurgles among the slimy spiles and posts. It always seems to me that the rivers, both the East and North, change their entire character when the gloaming comes and the many-colored lights begin to hover over the murky waves like so many fantastic insects in a realm of *Diablerie*. In daytime the sunlight kisses the stream until it breaks into a million smiles of merry radiance. It dances on its way so the sea, whose monotonous croon of welcome the roar of the great city drowns.

But at night the river becomes sinister. It reflects the character of the spectral shadows who pull the phantom boats in and out of darkness slips, and so noiselessly that they are upon you, have glided by and are gone, before you have half realized the fact of their existence.

It is these craft that the police patrol keep an eye of guardianship upon.

The dark lantern of the law's uniformed representatives frequently transforms into a Whitehall boat pulled by two villainous-looking wretches what to the unpracticed eye seemed but a shadow. Then it devolves upon the gentlemen in the dogskin caps and pen-jackets to unfold the purposes of their aquatic prowling.

No particularly honest man selects midnight, and after, as the time for a purely pleasure trip upon the water. In nine cases out of ten all moving row-boats upon the rivers at night, barring the police craft, contain thieves who become murderers when the occasion demands with the celerity with which the modern fakir turns a rabbit into a moneybag.

They board the canal-boats, sloops, schooners and other vessels lying at anchor and in fancied security, the object being to pick up rope, bits of chain and anything else that can be cashed by the junk dealer. If the captain or mate sleeping below overhears them, it takes but two or three muffled strokes to shoot the robbers' boat into the safety afforded by the darkness. If the thieves have no time to escape, then it is a desperate struggle with pistols and knives. There isn't a night that dies over New York like a black-plumaged bird of ill-omen that doesn't chronicle one or more of these desperate encounters. There is scarcely a day that the Morgue does not receive some beaten and battered corpse, carried hither and thither by restless tides until recognition is impossible, whose wounds speak eloquently of a midnight murder. It is only a very small percentage of these outrages that are ever classed among the solved mysteries of the metropolis.

It isn't a comfortable sensation, standing on the end of a pier at midnight, I must admit. The neighborhood selected by me for the beginning of this tramp is by no means the most inviting in the city. We are on the North River front at about Thirtieth street, and are walking down toward the Twenty-third street ferry. Huge piles of lumber and stone are on the piers. Lumber yards and gas-houses alternate with blocks of tenement houses, whose corner saloons in some instances keep open all night. The men met in these bars are a peculiar set. They look furively at you and stop talking when you enter. There isn't one of them that couldn't put you in a boat now and land you, say at a special dock in Communipaw, without making the slightest error in calculation. These are sea-gulls that fly at night, and every inch of the river is known to them. Standing here on the string-piece and looking out upon the murmuring waste, I begin to get cold both from the searching wind, which gets inside your overcoat in true pickpocket style, and the thought that I have been followed from the saloon.

A knock on the head, a quick rifling of pockets, and a plunge—such are frequently the skeleton outlines of many a marine drama. Let us go on to Twenty-third street, where the civilization of the bob-tailed car is to be found. What is the excitement in the ferry house? Men are running to and fro, and catching the fever, we run also. A young girl attempted suicide! Have they got her? Yes; that which they are putting upon the floor—that damp, sodden bundle—that is she. A lantern's light is thrown in her face as the usual remedial processes are resorted to, and we see a pretty girl, with face so pale, so wan now, and eyelids, with their long lashes, closed over eyes that are sunken far in the head. The yellow hair is matted, twisted, tangled. In the torn dress that shows the white shoulder we see the red-line made by the boat-hook.

How did she do it? It was the work of a second. The boat had just left the slip, that same boat now midway in the stream, when she rushed to the rear chain, stumbled over it, regained her feet, said something which the man who started to seize her could not understand, and was gone.

She is reviving. A flush of pink, like a flower amid snow, warms her cheeks, and the eye-lids quiver. Poor thing! She tried hard to leave a world of sin and suffering, but she has been baffled. The boat-hook and the hastily summoned doctor have defeated her purpose. In the morning she will be fined by the magistrate for acting in defiance of the law.

There are economical suicides, patronizing the river front, who do not go to the extravagance of a ferry fare. They spring from the end of a wharf. There is one pier near Roosevelt street, East River, that is quite a fashionable resort for the frail, miserable women of the neighborhood, who drink the bad rum of the cellar dives until the ashes of their brain are in a lurid blaze again, and then with feverish haste, handicapped by unsteady step, they stagger to the river. There is always an officer there to lead them back and put them either in a station house cell or in some haunt where a putrid, swinish sleep robs them of the spasmodic energy of suicidal purpose.

I actually think it is a mistake to save these people. Female denizens of the downtown East River front—I mean those scabrous specimens whose plump and ribbons are noticeable at half open cellar doors on fine afternoons—are lost to everything. There is no reform, either physical or moral, possible, and "making a hole in the drink," as the sailors put it, appears to me to be as near a thing as they can do.

But let us go back to the North River for a moment. We are down-town now, below Canal street, and have the

good luck to stumble upon a garbage scow being loaded. It is a really picturesque scene. Huge lanterns and flambeaux throw light upon the carts on the wharf, the scow in the river, and the brown-skinned Italians, bending to their work with hooks and bags, who are everywhere. Young women, with huge hoops of gold at their ears, and wearing flaming kerchiefs about their necks, assist in the ghoully picture.

Although the river front is carefully patrolled, it is a favorite stamping ground for footpads. Approaches to the Williamsburgh ferry are particularly infested. "Help! Help! Police! Murder!" are not infrequent sounds of blood-curdling import during the night. We can imagine what has occurred. The citizen held under the throat by one ruffian, while the pockets are turned inside out by others. It is a matter of about a minute. The job done, the thieves and assassins flee, up dark alleys, through tenement houses and over familiar fences, while the police find the stunned and bleeding victim too incoherent to intelligibly relate his grievance. Many of the sloops and canal-boats are haunts of the lawless, all the gin-mills are run on neutral principles, junk dealers are frequently "fences," and too often the policemen along shore find it convenient not to interfere with these little operations of the lovers of darkness. What we need is the electric light along both edges of the city, and further than that, we need steam launches for the river patrol.

## SEASONING.

LET nature give a young man cheek, and all other things will be added unto him.

LADIES are very much taken with Bob Ingersoll because he makes such a big bustle.

THE latest invention is a flat candle. The baby can be spanked with it without extinguishing the light.

WHERE's your partner this morning, Mr. Hyson? Don't know for certain, cautiously replied the old man, he died last night.

AN Erie county girl says one hug is worth a dozen love-letters. They cannot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

THE girl who is sweet enough to be called a doughnut before she is married is usually sweet enough to be called a do nought afterwards.

"How long shall girls be courted?" says an English newspaper. Not later than 2 o'clock in the morning, we think, excepting when it rains.

ONE of our friends remarks that the reason the softer sex call the men bears is because they hug the girls so tight. Logic by the armful.

THE bashful young lady who fainted when the butcher spoke of a leg of mutton has recovered sufficiently to stuff herself with a breast of veal.

A SCHOOLMARM who was recently kissed by mistake in the dark, explains her omission to use any light for nearly a month afterward on the ground of hard times.

How doth the little—

Uglier improve the night?  
He gathers jewelry and spoons,  
And skins before 'tis light.

THE fact that Mrs. Oates' present husband is lying dangerously ill, has probably given rise to the rumor that she is to be married next month and an indefinite number of times thereafter.

"WHERE a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats depending to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

HE promised to cleave to her; and they went to the theatre and he came back between acts with a piece of cork in his whiskers, she knew by the fragrance he had exhaled that he had clove.

BESSIE'S swinging in the sunlight  
Singing merrily the while,  
And the gleam in her striped stockings  
Can be seen about a mile.

No, George Augustus; "trousseau" is not the French for trousers. It is the French for more things than you could learn the names of in a month. Get married and you will know more about it.

MANY a man with a soul fairly overflowing with poetic genius has had it forever shattered by discovering the woman he looked upon as even superior to the angels has no less than thirteen soft corns on her feet.

ELDER sister (to little one who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbons)—"Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." Little pet—"I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbons were together."

OH! stay with me, my corset stay,  
And like a dream my waist shall fade away;  
Oh! stay, with me,  
My corset stay,  
And like a pipe stem I shall waist away,  
Shall waist away.

MR. LINCOLN used to tell a story about a big Hoosier who came to Washington during the war and called on a street Arab for a shine. Looking at the tremendous boots before him, he called out to a brother shiner across the street: "Come over and help, Jimmy, I've got an army contract."

WHEN two young people with a singleness of purpose and doubtless of affection sit up with each other, and when the clock strikes twelve, he says: "Is it possible?" and she says, "Why, I didn't know it was so late," you may draw your conclusions that if the business boom continues a unified couple will be hunting a house to rent in the spring.

BURDETTE says: "A man hugs his sweetheart with all the fervor of passionate devotion; he hugs his sister with manly and respectful and earnest affection; he hugs his wife with the deepest, strongest and purest love of his manhood, but when he hugs the inanimate and irresponsible cigar store Indian—ah, there is a friendship, confidence, an appealing yearning for support and protection in his clinging embrace."

WHEN the enterprising burglar isn't burgling—

Chorus—Isn't burgling.

When the cut throat isn't occupied with crimes—

Chorus—"Pled with crimes."

He loves to hear the little brooks a-gurgling—

Chorus—Brooks a-gurgling.

And listen to the merry village chimies—

Chorus—Village chimies.

When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—

Chorus—On his mother.

He loves to lie a basking in the sun—

Chorus—In the sun;

O, take one consideration with another—

Chorus—With another.

The policeman's lot is not a happy one—

Chorus—Happy one.

—Pirate of Penzance.

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

Mr. Pilgarlic, Millionaire and Patent Medicine Manufacturer on a Large Scale.

## A GLANCE AT HIS LABORATORY.

Bottles of Many Shapes and Sizes Filled With Different Cures From One Kettle.

## THE WRITER OF TESTIMONIALS.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

There are a number of proprietary medical articles, put up by respectable firms, which are capable of doing at least half of what is claimed for them, and when this is the case the honesty and straightforwardness of the entire affair preclude any criticism.

But there are other patent medicines of about as much efficacy in the cases where they are claimed to produce immediate and permanent relief as the stuff in the cauldron of the Macbeth witches would be if administered to a baby with the colic, when it wasn't the colic at all, but only a pin out of place in its running gear.

In both instances the inventors of the nostrums get rich, because millionaires build marble palaces, and die at last with enough sorrowing relatives of the utmost respectability about the walnut bedstead, which was not bought on the instalment plan, to warrant a photograph or chromo of the scene.

If anything the real frauds, charlatans, and out-and-out humbugs, who never advertise, but trust to glib agents working upon the credulity of the agricultural people—if anything, these licensed murderers wax more opulent than the druggist or doctor who simply adds a brand-new pill or plaster to an already established business as a man puts a wing on his house.

In Philadelphia there is a widow rolling in luxury, and living in a mansion of marble, who came to it all by hiring out as a pill-box filler and wrapper when she was young and charming. The old gentleman who had invented the pill especially for suffering humanity, and without the slightest idea of ever handling the money which his idea was breeding for him, saw the maiden at her work, and reasoned with more or less acuteness that a girl who could toss pills about so gracefully would make a good wife.

At any rate he married her, and she is a living instance of what good the pills can do.

Her husband died in a vain endeavor to make his pills the standard remedy in all the foreign courts, and as I have said, that girl who, on a summer's day, wrapped the pills which about her lay, came into all his temporal possessions.

It was only a week or so ago that the daughter of a bitters man took unto herself a husband. Her father did the handsome, coming down with a million dollars. When you read facts like these you begin to get an idea of what a horrible condition the American stomach must be in, and how easy it is to make your eternal fortune by turning your attention to the physical ailments of others.

I have been gradually leading up to the description of an establishment in New York, which is one of the biggest frauds ever perpetrated upon a credulous people, but which, nevertheless, has made its venerable proprietor as independent of the world generally, as he will be careless of any remarks should they ever fall under his benignant gaze.

He does not advertise as the others do, but depends upon the peripatetic agencies to which I have alluded. There isn't a state in the Union where you cannot meet his men driving about in gaudy wagons, and selling his preparations as fast as hot cakes. Does any one know when it was these warm cakes were sold, what they were sold for, and of what they were made? I submit the problem to that class of my readers who like to cipher out rebuses, guess charades, etc., etc.

In New York Mr. Pilgarlic, for so I shall call him, has an entire house, independent of his up-town residence, which he devotes to his business. It is here that his laboratory is, his store-rooms bursting with precious herbs and simples (especially simples) and his host of half-paid, and certainly half-starved-looking clerks, who keep his accounts and become so healthy by a constant absorption of the magic fumes pervading the house, that they are never away from business one day even on account of sickness.

Perhaps the penalty of a fine for absence has something to do with this. When the salary you receive is so small that it really belongs to the atomic world, where division and sub-division are almost impossible, it is wonderful how a man will combat fell disease in order to be at his post.

Naturally the laboratory is the most interesting feature of the institution, and I will visit it with the reader. I used to do some work for Mr. Pilgarlic, who wanted to pay me with two dozen bottles of his "Bright's Disease Balsam," telling me at the time that I had the interesting complaint, and would be a dead cock in the pit in two months, did I not plunge into his remedy at once. I told him that I preferred cash all the same, if he didn't mind, and finally I got it. I pull aside the curtain of the past in this manner in order to convince you that I am perfectly at home in the place.

The work-shop is in the basement, where the gas is kept burning continually. There is also a red-hot fire, winter and summer, over which hang huge copper vessels that are always simmering. Stew-pans, retorts and distillation apparatus of all kinds are at hand, the entire scene reminding you at first sight of the picture upon which the curtain rises in Faust.

It isn't a bad comparison, for there is a good deal of devil's work in both. At a long table young men and girls are putting labels on variously colored and variously shaped bottles, which have been filled and corked by machinery at the far end of the room. In a little ante-apartment other employes are packing the vials in boxes made for the purpose, the boxes being passed on to still other clerks, who stencil names and addresses as they read them in an order book.

I can imagine the reader saying at this stage of the game, Why, Mr. Prowler has told us nothing remarkable so far. He is merely describing the details of a patent medicine business, which seems to be conducted in a very orderly and ship shape manner.

Patience, gentle reader, for we are just at the remarkable point.

Stand here by the bottling machine. The man pauses for a moment as I ask him, for your benefit, why he has big and little vials, round and square ones, green, blue and white ones.

He answers that they are for the different preparations, and points to a pile of printed labels, by which we ascertain that the house sends out, among others, the following never-failing concoctions:

"The Kidney Disease Eradicator."  
"Mother Wallace's Dyspepsia Cure."  
"Ponce de Leon's System Schnapps."  
"The Malaria Mash."  
"Dropsy Drops."  
"Sure Cure for Consumption."  
"A Nailer for Bad Nerves."  
"Dr. Pilgarlic's Liver Libation."  
"The Nonpareil Vermifuge."  
"Death to Diabetes."

And now for the wonderful part. See! Every one of the bottles is filled with the same liquor which is poured into every other one.

Now, if that isn't remarkable, then I don't know a remarkable thing when I see it. Mind you, I am not romancing. I can take you to the very place. I could write the genuine name of this fraud, this shrewd student of human nature, this magician who has coined hard on to a million dollars from copper kettles.

Talk about the transubstantiation of metals, of passing carbon into diamonds; why, here is a man in New York city, hiring a house for the purpose, employing clerks and bottle-washers to assist him, and with the utmost ease, changing a worthless pastry nostrum into carriages, fine paintings, diamonds, United States bonds, brown stone fronts, and every other luxurious element of a luxurious life, the possibility of which is achieved by the possession of money.

All this happens in an age when hundreds of thousands of people are out of work, when a man is willing to labor long for a very little, and when the howl of the wolf becomes as pronounced as it does in Frank Mayo's Davy Crockett, when he uses his arm as a bolt to keep the door of the storm-racked hut from yielding under their furious onslaughts.

Another fraud in this line is that fellow who is so anxious to give away a sure cure for consumption. He got it—I mean the cure—from a venerable missionary whose sands of life were running low, and he promised then, as the dying missionary yanked him by the hand and told him to get a towel and wipe away the death-dew on his brow, that he would spend all his money, and the missionary's, too, in advertising the preparation and sending it broadcast on receipt of one red stamp.

I would enlarge on this gentleman now, save that I am going to lump him with a lot of other "skins" in a future article, wishing to show the GAZETTE readers that human beings are such fools in the main that you can do anything with them. My patent medicine man is Mr. Honesty himself compared to other operators with whose dark ways I am slightly acquainted.

But remember, as a general rule in life, to be wary of strangers who want to make you presents. I never sympathize with the countryman who pays a quarter to the street fakir and hurries away with the impression that he has a piece of soap and a \$200 bill for his investment. The man is so greedy that he doesn't stop to think that no one but an idiot would pay out a genuine greenback instead of a beer-stamp to any one except a confederate.

When I see the countryman caught in this manner I always think of the man who sent 50 cents down into Maine for a fine steel plate engraving of George Washington and received a three cent postage-stamp, bearing the likeness of the father of his country, in return.

There was no deception in that case any more than there was in that of the Ohio farmer who mailed a dollar to find out how to keep wells from freezing in winter. Back came the answer: "Take them in the house every night and put in the fireplace."

Patent medicine requires a little capital at the start, but when the preparation once begins to sizz she is off for a regular rush and the profits are tremendous. You must stand in with the country druggists and get them to push it among the afflicted. I am still speaking of such articles as my friend Pilgarlic turns out. He, like the honest apothecary, must have references, the only difference being that it is possible for you to look up and converse with one class, since they really exist and have a tangible abode, while the others are mostly figments of the brain.

Pilgarlic keeps a man constantly in his employ whose business it is to write these testimonials, and to write them safely, giving them the true ring, but locating them ambiguously. For all I know, the venerable gentleman may have a notary-public in his employ also with a supply of non-committal blanks.

The testimonials are neatly bound in large folios, and Pilgarlic points to them with pride and a Pecksniffian smile, such as I imagine must irradiate the countenance of our Philadelphia friend, G. W. Childs, of the *Public Ledger*, when he gets the sample volume of obituary poetry down from its sacred resting place and spreads it before the mourner, who wants the decedent done up properly in the funeral notice. In Pilgarlic's books you will find statements, bespattered with the tears of gratitude, which narrate the most remarkable cures.

How Mr. Jones, of Tidionte, having been in bed for 18 years with curvature of the spine, took three bottles of the "Spine Straightener," and in two weeks was enabled to play short-stop in the village nine.

How Mrs. Fussenters, of Chioke, O., had liver complaint so bad that the neighbors used to hire her to walk past a kettle of water and start the "bile" in it. At the very sight of the agent she felt better, and before she was on her fourth lap—I mean bottle—she had no liver at all.

How Deacon Smith was so afflicted with rheumatism that he looked like a bundle of knobs and twists. He invested in the "Rheumatism Rattler," and when he touched bottom on his tenth bottle he opened a dancing school.

These are exaggerations, of course, but they are scarcely less sensational than hundreds I have read in Pilgarlic's book, some of which I wrote one afternoon in a larger beer shop to help the poor young man out.

I do not mean to intimate that they are all spurious, but if Jules Verne's traveler had halted to verify any one of them, I do not think he would have won his bet by getting "Round the World in 80 Days."

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is publishing a remarkably interesting series of illustrated sketches entitled "New York's Gas-Lit Life." These sketches present the most exhaustive and vivid pictures of the night side of New York of anything which has been presented to the public.—Rocky Mountain Courier.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is a large, 16-page illustrated weekly newspaper, giving the news of criminal matters in all parts of the country. Besides its other numerous attractions, it is now publishing a series of light, racy and truthful illustrated sketches, entitled "New York's Gas-Lit Life," being a collection of pictures of life and phases of character in the metropolis, such as do not appear upon its surface, but are nevertheless most realistic and faithful portrayments. The articles are illustrated by the best artistic talent in the country, and will present the most vivid and truthful pictures of the night side of New York.—Bridal (Tenn.) Reporter.



## DEADLY DIVES.

A Highly Exclusive Resort for the Delusive Sirens of Sixth Avenue and Their Male Appendages.

## THE GLARING GREEN-ROOM

Scenes of Reckless Revelry Begun After Midnight and Merging Into a Wild Orgie in the Small Hours.

## A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY

[Illustrated by GAZETTE Special Artists.]

If the wayfarer, be he stranger or to the manner born, in quest of sensations in Captain Williams' late model precinct, leaving the rather monotonous round of flash resorts on blazing Sixth Avenue, turns into Thirtieth street, he will discover something both striking and new in that line, almost opposite the very headquarters of the delegated municipal authority of the precinct.

At 118, on that street, in the situation described, he will discover a transparent sign, within which a lamp makes dimly apparent the legend "The Green-Room," and which, with its sickly flickering, seems to be continually conveying a significant wink to the bolder green light of the police station nearly opposite.

Inside we shall find a narrow space, shut off from a larger room within by a swinging half door, a modest-looking bar, with no great array of bottles and glassware, while the wall is relieved by portraits of by-gone stage celebrities, sporting notabilities and other prominent characters of the last decade or two. A youth is behind the bar, scarcely beyond his majority, but evidently "fit" enough in all that relates to so-called "life" in New York, a typical lad of the metropolis, with the true Bowery style, yet good-natured and courteous after his fashion.

As we sip our beer we remark to him—this is Saturday night, be it remembered—that we have understood that there is something worth seeing to be seen in the "Green-Room," and we beg leave to introduce to his kind consideration a friend from the back country who is seeing the sights under our tutelage.

Somehow he does not appear as enthusiastic over the offer of a couple of prospectively remunerative customers as one might anticipate. On the contrary he recommends the Buckingham, the Cremorne, the Haymarket and other establishments in the vicinity where he thinks our rural friend will find agreeable relaxation. After sundry beers, however, he confides to us that, on Saturday nights, in particular, the "girls" and their "lovers," after the regular "business" has been closed up on the avenue and vicinity, make the establishment their headquarters for a little quiet relaxation undisturbed by the outer world of flats and sharps.

We tell him that we have been informed that something of a rare and radiant nature in the way of Terpsichorean performance is to be witnessed there, and intimate that we are willing to "put up" liberally, even for the privilege of being "lookers-on in Venice" only.

The proposition does not appear to strike him with any great degree of favor, and he tells us that there will be nothing doing worth our while until the small hours.

We therefore take a stroll elsewhere. We return, with a liberal allowance for the time designated, and find the place so darkened that were we not earnest seekers after information we might fancy the place to be closed for the night and wander placidly away. Nevertheless we make an effort for admission and gain it. Our youthful but sagacious friend is still behind the bar, and, to our interrogation as to whether the "fun" has commenced, returns answer that he does not think there will be anything going on to-night, and warmly urges us to take in the "Richmond," on Thirty-second street, as the "boss racket."

His disinterested endeavors for our entertainment, however, only animate us the more strongly to remain, and we mildly ask whether it would not be in accordance with the chaste etiquette of the place to essay a dance or two with the frequenting nymphs. Our attendant Gany-mede shakes his head doubtfully, and intimates that the thing is in the light of a select social gathering, where the divinitives of the place being supplied each with her attendant cavalier, our motives might be liable to misconception and our persons to forcible ejection. "At least," we suggest, "we may quietly look on and passively enjoy the festive scene."

Again the dubious shake of the head. "The 'gang' is rather particular," says our Gany-mede, "and don't like to see strangers about on these occasions."

Nevertheless the insinuating manner characteristic of the newspaper fraternity finally secures us a tacit permission to remain as tolerated guests, in virtue of which we make ourselves "solid" with certain representative "boys" who have already congregated there, through the medium of sundry liquid considerations and a reasonable amount of "tally."

We are mildly cautioned, however, against any active participation in the terpsichorean recreations or any gallant attentions to the ladies, as we are given to understand that such conduct would call forth the disapprobation of the "gang" and especially of such particular member of that mysterious organization whose particular female friend might happen to be the object of our attention, in a way that might prove very personally unpleasant. At which we mentally resolve to be specially circumspect and to avoid most sedulously anything calculated to arouse the sensitive jealousy of the "gang," individually or collectively.

Meanwhile the door opens and a scarcely discernible head is thrust into the half-darkened bar, which utters in a stage whisper the significant warning, "Pull your shades up higher, Andy, keep her tight: the old man is after 'em to-night: shutting 'em up on the avenue."

"Andy," with the alacrity of a sailor sent aloft to reef topsails in a gale, hastens to make all snug and tight to weather the threatened official storm, and while he sends out a glass of weiss beer to the friendly blue-coated sig- naler at the door, we take the opportunity to ask how the change of police captains is liked by the people in his line of trade in the precinct. "Ah," he answers with a sigh, "Williams was the man. We shan't get as good a one again." We express our surprise, having thought him to have been a most unpopular man. "Well," he replies, "Williams is a man of sense. You could talk 'business' to him—all the time." With which ambiguous compli- ment to the mighty clubber as an explanation of an opin- ion so contrary to what might naturally have been antici- pated, we are obliged to be content, for "Andy" is a young man who has evidently cultivated the virtue of reticence most assiduously, and with whom too much questioning would be apt to defeat its own object.

Now the "girls" and their "lovers," the regular habi- tues of the place, begin to flock in by couples and fours, and among the former we recognize faces that we have

seen a few hours previous at the "Star and Garter," the "Newport," the "Empire Garden," and kindred resorts on the avenue, plying their seductive wiles upon prom- ising "flats." There is the greatest diversity in the style, make-up and humor of the visitors. Some of the girls are gorgeously attired in seal-skin sacques or fur-lined silk cloaks. Others represent various grades of the shabby genteel. Their male companions are likewise varied in style and appearance. While some are neat and natty enough to pass for well-to-do clerks, the flashy attire and vulgar make-up of others would "give them away" anywhere for small gamblers or members of the "swell mob." A number are of the beetle-browed, brutal type of the professional rough and shoulder-bitter, while not a few would be speedily "sized-up" as belonging to the genus tramp.

These incongruous materials seem to be coupled with small regard to any perceptible law of selection, some of the most unpromising looking of the male specimens being paired with the best appearing of the girls. Some are hilarious and plainly evidence by their mutual satis- faction with each other that their raids upon the unwary have been remunerative, while others, by their bickerings, show the dissatisfaction of the male partner at the small- ness of his base gains.

Drinks are speedily in order, although there are few who do not show signs of having been already well served in that respect. Financial settlement seems to be the first business before the house, and it does not require close watching to perceive numerous cash transactions in which the male partner is invariably the receiver.

We are told that there are cases present in which the term "lover" is not altogether a misnomer, in which the individual of the male species is, in the slang of the circle, "gone" on the girl to whom he sustains that relation and that he "puts up" for her liberally in cash, and that, though this is rarer than where the woman really sup- ports her partner, the attachment is reciprocated.

However, this touches upon one of those paradoxical phases of female nature which are beyond masculine comprehension and, besides, we are startled out of further pursuit of the subject by the preparatory twanging of a harp, a violin and banjo, three "artists" having mysteri- ously presented themselves with these instruments with- out announcement and by evident pre-arrangement. Now they strike up a moving strain, in response to which a few of the more hilarious couples take the floor and are soon involved in the mazes of the dizzy dance. At first the terpsichorean performance moves along decorously enough. Gradually the disputing couples, under the mellowing influence of their beverages, arrange a truce to their wranglings and we observe—oh, the bewilder- ing contradictions of woman's nature—that the lavish exuberance of the affection of these poor, frail ones towards the creatures who exist upon their bounty and are supported by the wages of their shame, is in proportion to the brutal bearing towards them and the general "cussedness" of the latter. These then join their partners in the festivities, though with an ill grace, and soon the whole floor is occupied by whirling couples.

Drinking is resumed with vigor between each set, and each time it is resumed the whirling becomes wilder, the dancing dizzier, until it merges into a can-can of such reckless abandon as would move the case-hard- ened habitués of the Parisian Mabilles to genuine wonder. The music grows more insipid, and the notes are flung out with a vim that stimulates the dancers to more violent exertion and more voluptuous freedom in their movements, as each seeks to outdo her rivals in some in- genious *pas* that shall elicit the applause of the on-lookers.

Meanwhile there are side shows in progress which divide attention with the can-caners. Two dashing de- moiselles, elegantly attired, one in a stylish fur-lined silk cloak, the other in an equally "nobby" seal-skin sacque, engage in an altercation respecting the alleged efforts of the one to fascinate the lover of the other. The epithets that pass soon render a resort to the summary argument of force unavoidable. In spite of male interference they clinch. Hair is mutually pulled, faces scratched and slapped, female fashion, and the fair but frail contestants struggle out into the middle of the room, where, amidst the bewildering display of shapely limbs, brilliantly-colored stockings and the foamy white skirts of the dancers, they fall to the floor in a fierce embrace. Seal-skin sacque is evidently getting the worst of it, when, by a sudden movement, she seizes the silk cloak by the collar, and with a savage wrench rends it in twain. This is a mortal blow to her antagonist, and accomplishes what all the physical damage sustained could not do. With a fit of hysterical weeping at the loss of her dainty wrap, she acknowledges herself *hors du combat*, and the respective "lovers" of the pair, with their friends, rushing to the rescue, they are hurriedly hustled out of the place amid mutual tears and female anathemas, and the dance, now indeed a wild orgie, goes on as furiously as before.

Here comes something "fresh" of the male persuasion. A stalwart youth, unmistakably from the rural districts, flushed with his adventures and potatoes in the flash re- sorts of the Avenue, whose air bespeaks that he considers that he has "been there" and knows it all, enters the place with a wild whoop, announces his name and post- office address, in one of the back counties, and recklessly invites the whole house up to drink. He meets with a response only from two or three thirsty hangers-on, and his entrance, it is plain, is looked upon with general disfavor. Then he swaggers into the scene of the festivities, his country-made, shiny but ill-fitting "store clothes" and preposterous felt hat, purchased for his visit to the metropolis, rendering him a conspicuous and awkward fig- ure among the throng of city sharps. He quickly im- bibes the spirit of the prevailing hilarity, and proceeds with gawky gallantry to attempt the agreeable to the first girl who takes his eye. Despite her protest, he drags her into the whirling throng and attempts, with elephantine grace, to emulate the wild dancers about him. But a storm is about to burst upon his devoted head though he has not detected its mutterings as we have. He has overstepped the etiquette established by the "gang," and a rush is made for him by the lover of the girl and two of his pals which effectually arrests his saltatorial career for that night. He puts up his hands and makes an attempt to defend himself with genuine grit. But his assailants are too many and too quick for him. Bruised, kicked and beaten, they "mop the floor" with him, in the vernacular of the street, and then, minus his hat and with his "store clothes" sadly marred, he is "walked Spanish," at a go-as-you-please gait, out of the place, while two of the gang follow him for a short distance with yells which accelerate his speed, "give him the run," as they phrase it, to insure against his attracting attention in front of the house or returning to the scene of his discomfiture, of which, however, to judge from the expression of his face as he passed us on the run, there was but slight probability.

The "small hours" are rapidly becoming large ones. We have seen enough for one night, and we take our de- parture, leaving the orgie in full blast, and, as we pass out under the flickering light of the green sign, it seems to bestow upon us a wink of deep meaning, in unison with the mysterious parting hint which our friend of the "gang" yells after: "On the quiet, young fellow."

## SPORTING NOTES.

OXFORD and Cambridge will meet again in a boat race March 28.

COURTNEY has posted \$500 to row Hanlan on April 20 for that \$8,000.

H. L. CORTES, Cambridge, England, has ridden a mile on a bicycle in 2m. 47 4-5s.

HOMER LANE won first prize in the wrestling tour- nament at San Francisco, Cal.

At Burlington, Vt., Defur defeated Flagg in a collar- and-elbow wrestling match for \$1,000.

W. H. DOBLE, Sr., will handle the trotting stallion Hambletonian Mambrino, this season.

ROBERT MCFARLANE is to break 500 out of 600 glass balls, at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Jan. 22.

BLOWER BROWN and Hazael, who will be remem- bered as participants in the international belt match at Gilmore's Garden last Fall, and S. Day will begin the con- test for the long-distance championship of England on Feb. 2. Hazael will be a big favorite, but the bookmakers will control the contest.

On the morning of Jan. 8, a main was concluded be- tween birds representing respectively Troy and Roches- ter, N. Y., the fighting taking place near the former city. Seven battles were fought, for \$100 a battle and \$500 on the main, and Troy won by a score of 4 to 3. Subsequently two matches were fought, in each of which the Rochester bird came off victorious.

THE following players have signed contracts with the Albany Club, champions of the National Association, for the season of 1890: Critchley, pitcher; Keenan, catcher; Tobin, first baseman; Fulmer, second baseman; Burke, third baseman; Say, short stop; Pike, center fielder; Dorgan, right fielder and change catcher; Keefe, left fielder and change pitcher.

TWO CUTTERS from the ships Wolverine and the Rhine, representing England and France respectively, rowed a three-mile race at Sydney on Nov. 22. The Frenchmen rowed a 31½-foot boat, and manned fourteen oars. The Englishmen put in a 27-foot boat, and was propelled by ten oarsmen. The latter finally rowed away from their adversaries and won by 100 yards.

THE wrestling match between Murphy's Unknown and Michael Donahoe, collar-and-elbow holds, has been postponed until Feb. 2, owing to trouble in securing a hall. Murphy agreed not to demand forfeit of the first \$100 deposit when he heard that Donahoe had put up the remainder two days after it was due, and the full amount was transferred to the final stakeholder, Mr. Curtis.

JAMES SMITH, representative of Miss May Howard, announces that the next contest for the belt won by her recently will take place about the third week in April, either in Boston or Chicago, and all aspirants should hold themselves in readiness. He is now in Boston in quest of a suitable building. Smith will meet Mme. Tobias, or her representative, at the Putnam House, this city, between 2 and 4 p. m., Jan. 17.

LAYCOCK, who last year defeated Edward Trickett for the single-scul championship of Australia and was in turn defeated by Trickett, is not yet satisfied with the result of the last trial. He has posted forfeit with *The Mel- bourne Herald* and challenged Trickett to row two miles for \$200 a side. In the last race Trickett won as he liked, but Laycock was out of condition, and since has made wonderful improvement.

A GOLD BADGE was shot for by members of the Fountain Gun Club at Parkville, L. I., on Jan. 7. Each contestant shot at seven birds, handicap rise, 80 yards fall, from five ground-traps, and the scores were: J. Sher- idan, 7; W. Garrett, 7; Selover, Edith, Pike and Helm- stadt, 6 each; Lemken, White, Smith, Livingston, Raven- hall and Kearney, 5; Hass and Miller, 3; W. R. Hunter, 2. In shooting off the tie Sheridan won, having killed eleven birds straight.

THE first race for the one-mile amateur skating championship of London, England, under the rules of the National Association, took place on the large lake at Hen- don, Dec. 27. The race was open to residents in or within twelve miles of London. The prizes were a silver cup, a breakfast service, and a medal, and the winner was W. A. Smith, who beat R. Webb in the final heat in 3m. 57s. The best time was made by W. A. Smith, defeating J. Goodcliffe in 3m. 46s.

IN England two large billiard handicaps have been decided, both on the American principle of each player being pitted against each of the others. In both of them eight players took part, and both of them were won by W. Mitchell, a dark horse from Sheffield, who has burst upon the billiard world with meteor-like suddenness. In a game with the ex-champion, Joseph Bennett, in which he was in receipt of 100 points start, he made breaks of 589 and 336 respectively, and handling the cue only eight times, ran out a winner by 253 points. Bennett's best effort being a beautiful break of 339. The game only lasted 1 hour 41 minutes.

THE date has been fixed for the annual eight-oared race between the rival picked crews of Harvard Uni- versity, of Cambridge, Mass., and Yale College crew, of New Haven, Conn. It will be rowed this year over the four- mile surveyed course on the Thames at New London on July 2. Although Harvard and Yale have been rowing each other at irregular periods since 1852, just twenty- seven years, the present style of race with "eights" only began in 1876. Previous to this, the contests between those rival colleges varied so much that it is scarcely pos- sible to judge of the crews twenty years ago by their per- formances in comparison with the contests of the present day.

A FEW days ago Mr. Soule, of Rochester, wrote to William Blaikie, the referee in the Hanlan-Courtney fizzle, that if Courtney would consent to meet Hanlan on the 20th of April in place of May 1, he would indorse the certificate for the \$8,000, now in Blaikie's possession, which would insure the money payment to the winner. Blaikie sent the amended articles to Courtney for his sig- nature, and a letter requesting him to pay \$500 deposit to him at once, so that Hanlan's last offer may be accepted. Courtney has agreed to the stipulation, and agrees to row the race at Washington or any place mutually agreed upon.

JOE GOSS to Paddy Ryan:—"DEAR SIR—I hereby challenge Patrick Ryan to make a match with me to fight a fair stand-up fight in accordance with the new rules of the prize ring, for the sum of one thousand dollars a side and the title of champion of America. That I am in ear- nest in this matter is proven by my now depositing the sum of one hundred dollars, which I hope Mr. Ryan will immediately cover, and meet me at the *Clipper* office on Thursday, Jan. 15, between 2 and 4 o'clock p. m., pre- pared to sign articles and make all necessary arrange- ments. Mr. Ryan said a week ago he would accept a challenge from me as soon as I put up my money, and I now call upon him to make his word good."

## AMUSEMENTS.

OXFORD GARDEN, 192 Chatham Square. Concert every evening. Sacred Concert Sunday evenings, 7 p. m. 30 Lady Cashiers in attendance. Admission Free.

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